

THE  
SURVEY  
OF THE  
EARTH  
IN ITS  
General Vileness and Debauch.

WITH  
Some new Projects to Mend or  
Cobble it.

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*The whole World lieth in wickedness, 1 John 5. 19.*

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By EDMUND HICKERINGILL,  
Rector of *All-Saints* in Colchester.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed; and are to be Sold by B. Bragge  
at the *Blue-Ball* in *Ave-Mary-Lane*.

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The noble World hath in its hands  
BY EDMUND HICKMAN  
Rector of All Saints Church

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( I )

Scripture often yokes Earthly and Devilish together in the

THE  
SURVEY  
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General Vileness and Debauch.

**B**Y this Title some perhaps will imagine, That I have undertaken a Task of larger extent, than *Drake's Girdle of the Earth* (when he compassed it from *West* to *East*;) the making whereof cost him three Years Travel to accomplish.

My Navigation has scarcely exceeded one *Quadrant* of *Drake's Circle*, but sufficient enough to give me a *Prospect of the Corruption of the Earth*, and to take the *Latitude* thereof, and *Observations* accordingly; in this *Essay*.

*Wherein* (whatever other Faults may escape me) I will so far be kind to my self and the Reader as to avoid *tediousness*: For (considering the largeness of my Subject) my words shall be few.

A late Author makes this Earth of ours to be

*A dark, vile Planet, and the Arse  
Of all the other Universe.*

Some call it *the nasty Sink, the Jaques, the Bog-house*; or, (if you please) *the Close-stool* of the rest of the World: And the

Scripture often yokes Earthly and Devilish together in the same Line.

And yet, nevertheless, what a *hurry* and *bandying* is, and always *has* been, who shall be *chief Grooms* of this filthy Wardrobe, this Stole, or rather Close-stool?

The *first Man* that was born in this *vile Earth* was, a *Devil Incarnate*, a *Murderer* from the beginning (as was the *old Serpent*, that *had to do* with his *Mother Eve*;) and begun his *Butchery* when there was but *one* (except his *Father* and *Mother*) to *handse* his bloody *Sword* upon.

Afterward, *Nimrods*, and *Hectors*, and *Hunters* of Men and Beasts, *Giants*, and *Incarnate Devils* Peopled this Sink, and did so multiply and increase (in *Villany* as well as *Numbers*) that neither the *Earth*, nor *God* (that made it) could bear with them any longer; for *God* repented that he had made the *Wretches*, and it grieved him at his *Heart*, because every *Imagination* of the thoughts of *Man's Heart* was evil continually.

Therefore the *Lord* said, I will destroy Men whom I have created, from the face of the *Earth* (both *Man* and *Beast*, and the creeping things and *Fowls* of the *Air*, none of the whole *Creation* escap'd, except *Rats*, *Otters*, *Crocodiles*, and other *Amphibious Creatures*, that could live (both on *Land* and in *Water*) and *Fishes* too escap'd the fatal *Doom*, and two *Beasts* of a kind also, at least, as many as had the good luck and lot to be called into the *Ark*, with *Noah* and his three *Sons*, and their *Wives*, and *Victuals* for them all, in that *little bottom*, for a whole *Year*, or thereabouts, crowded together in the *Ark* or *Chest*, that was but 300 *Cubits*, or 150 *Yards* long, and 25 *Yards* broad, and but 15 *Yards* high; and without *Anchors*, *Masts*, or *Sails*, or *Sailors*, tumbling in the *Deluge*.

A miraculous escape, of four Men and as many Women; and whatever the *Women* were, the *Men* were none of the best, though the best in that wicked World: Wicked *Ham* exposed his *Fudled Father* to *Shame*; and if we may guess at the *Tree* by the *Fruit*, the *Breed* that came of these four *Women*, were *Sons* and *Daughters*, like their *Grandame Eve*; so that in 330 *Years* and upwards, *God* could not find a *Man* to pitch upon to get a *Brood* of true *Churchmen*, till old *Abraham*, and old *Sarah*, after she had been gallanted at *Court* by two *Kings*, and was barten and superannuated, and her *Husband* a very old

old Man ; whose *Faith* is recorded and praised ; but if an Angel from Heaven should have preach'd to us any other Doctrine, contrary to express Scripture, and natural Reason, namely, *To murder our Child*, our only Child, with our own hands, we should scarcely have *Faith* to believe the same to be an Angel of God, but a Devil more like ; but good *Abraham* is praised for a strong Faith, and none of his Children, by his other Wives or Concubines, should be *Fathers of the Church*, but *Isaac* ; nor any of *Isaac's* Issue, but *Jacob* and his Twelve Sons ; of which the eldest, *Reuben*, Cuckolded his own Father, *Simeon* and *Levi* were Murderers, (the *Priests* and *Levites* came of a good Breed ; and *Judah*, that should Rule the rest, committed Adultery and Incest too (like *Lot*) with his Daughter.

Of these came the People of God, the *Jews*, whom God chose only, of all the Nations of the Earth ; and, if not the worst, at least, The least of all the Nations of the Earth, *Deut. 7. 7.*

All which, it seems, were never a Jot the better than the old drowned World ; and though they scaped miraculously, yet they took not warning ; for *Gen. 8. 21.* The Imagination of man's heart was evil from his youth ; and it is so still ? it was so in King *David's* Time, when the *Israelites* were multiplied in Wickedness, as well as Numbers, so that *David* could not find an honest Man, no not one, *Psal. 53. 3.*

For even *David*, that is said to be a Man after God's own Heart, was bad enough in all Conscience, and such a Man of Blood, that Almighty God thought his bloody hands unfit to build him a Temple. Against the Lecherous hands of *Solomon* no Caveat was entered by God, which shows, that bloody hands (though they have a Commission to vouch the Butchery) are more odious to Heaven, than Lechery. Especially, when Murder aggravates the Lechery, at it did in *David* ; killing *Uriah* with the Sword, for no other Cause, but that he was his Cuckold.

Afterwards, in the succeeding Prophets, so few were the honest Men, that loved the naked Truth, that there was none at all, no, not one, in the Holy City of *Jerusalem*, nor in the Holy Temple, neither High-Priest nor Low-Priest, neither in High-Church nor Low-Church, if you believe the Scripture, *Jer. 5. 1.*



*Wonderful* were the Deliverances of this blessed People of God, (of his own Election before all the Jolly Nations under Heaven) by many Miracles, Signs, and Wonders, forty Years together in the Wilderness. The Sea *gaped* to let them pass, and then *swallowed up* their Enemies. And when they wanted Bread, God sent them *Angel's Food* from Heaven, and when they thirsted, the hard Rocks open'd their Breasts and *suckled* them.

But *Psal. 78. 11, 32.* They soon forgot his Works (frail Memories, that could not remember a few days by-past) for all this they sinned still.

And, forsooth, not only *Moses*, but his Law, (though God was the *Emanuensis* and Penman thereof;) and by a *Popish*, or *High-Priest-Plot*, with Pope *Aaron*, they made a solemn League and Covenant, on Conditions, that *Aaron* subscribed too, so that he might be their Chief, and would make them a God, (like themselves) a Calf, which the Bigots (like all other Superstitious Bigots) worshipped with a Lye, saying, *Exod. 32. 4.* These be thy Gods (O Israel!) which brought thee up out of the Land of Egypt.

Some Histories say, That this *cross-grain'd* Crew, or (as Scripture calls them) *stiffnecked* were so *Leprons* and *Scabby*, that the *Egyptians*, (partly by Force, partly by Gifts, on pretence of Borrowing) thrust them out of Egypt, and no Nation under Heaven, would let them come in amongst them, for forty Years together, excluding them, and thrusting them into barren Wildernesses, as into a Pest-house, such as have the Plague, or Leprosy.

But we find no such thing upon Record in Holy Writ, only several Receipts for the Cure of Lepers, which were, amongst the scabby *Jews* very numerous, and, as in some places in the *West-Indies*, Epidemical and National.

A *shabby scabby* Crew (to be sure) were the *Jews* (and still are so) to this day; their Souls being as polluted as their Bodies, till their Sins were come to the full, and ripe for destruction, by denying the Holy One, *Acts 3. 14, 15.* and killing the Prince of Life.

Insomuch, That forty Years after, when most of the Murderers (as well as *Pontius Pilate*) were dead and gone, the Wrath of Heaven fell upon them in *Judea* and *Jerusalem*, in  
such

such dismal Tragedies as are seldom *parallel'd* in History : of which read *Josephus's* History.

Some few *Jews*, some hundreds were Converted (after they had murdered the Lord of Life and Glory) by *Peter* and *Paul*, and the other *Apostles* : But the generality *spake* against those things that were spoken by *Paul*, *Contradicting* and *blaspheming*, *Acts* 13. 44, 45.

Whereupon *Paul* and *Barnebas* also faced about, saying, *Lo, we turn to the Gentiles*. And all the *Gentiles* and *Jews*, for forty Years after our *Saviour's* Resurrection, at the Holy City of *Jerusalem*, (just before its destruction by *Titus Vespasian*) were contained in a neighbouring little Village called *Pella*. There was no occasion then (as now, God wot, too much) about the distinction betwixt a *Presbyter* and a *Bishop*.

*St. Peter* (in my Opinion) *deserv'd* to take the *Wall* of any Archbishop or Bishop in Christendom, and yet he was a *Presbyter* (as he styles himself) 1 *Pet.* 5. 1. and *St. Paul* calls those very Men *Presbyters*, whom the Holy Ghost had made *Bishops* (or *Overseers*.) What a pother then has been, and still is, made by *Ambitious Priestcraft*, about the distinction of Offices, which the Holy Scripture, and the Holy Ghost makes *Synonymous*, and one and the same.

*Kings*, indeed, and *Popes* have been so kind as to make and call some *Presbyters* Lord Bishops ; but that should rather make them humble than proud ; and the more good, because the more great : And so much the more God's humble Servants, and the *Kings*, by being vested in the *Richer Liveries*, and *Lawn-sleeves*.

Let Men but search their own Hearts, and tell me truly, Is not *Priestcraft* *Pride* and *Avarice* at the bottom of these *Diotrophes* his Contentions, loving to have the *Prebeminence* ?

Of *Pride* comes *Contention*, says the Scriptures, and will not *Prelatical* *Pride* cause these *Eager* and *Vinegar* Contests ? too sharp, I fear, for an *Apostolical* and *Gospel* Spirit. Is not a great part of this vile Earth finely governed and guided the while ? Look over the greatest part of the Earth (as I have done) and *Christianity* signifies little, in comparison of *Mahometanism* and *Heathenism*. And in *Christendom*, how numerous are the *Adorers* of a *Waser-God* and *Images*, having as many *Saints* to *Worship* (*He* and *She-Saints*) as the *Heathen* had *Gods* and *Goddesses*, whom both *Papists* and *Heathens* *Worship* ; and it would be a

nonsensical as well as blasphemous Adoration, if the Images be not *scient*, and the *Saints* that owns the *Rood*, *omniscient* and *omnipresent*, here, and in the *Antipodian Indies*: For it is nonsense to pray to a *deaf*, or a *far-distant Ear*; and it is blasphemy to make more Gods than one, one only *omniscient* and *omnipresent Being*.

Is not this vile Earth then fillily guided and governed? nay, the present Pope, when the Tears of late trickled down the Cheeks of the Bigot, as he said his Beads or *Ave-mary*, (ten to one *Pater-noster*) before the Image of the Virgin, with her Babe in her Arms; which Tears the Virgin's Image did espy, or, at least, the *omnipresent* and *omniscient* Virgin herself espied those Tears; or, else the Pope was a weeping maudline Bigot, as silly as hypocritical.

But, to me, it seems improbable, that the old Gentleman, who is no *absolute Fool* neither in *other mattes* (though certainly there's Witchcraft in Bigotry and Superstition, that has turn'd many a *wise Man*, as well as *Solomon*, to an *Ass*) yet I believe not, that the Pope wept in good earnest, before an Image that his Carpenter did (according to Order) adorn with *Eyes and Ears*, useless both; certainly, the Pope cannot be so infallibly sottish as to imagine otherwise; if they be the Virgin's Eyes that cannot see, nor Ears that can hear. And if so, then the Pope wept (as the *Pharisees* prayed) only, to be seen of Men, that other Bigots might think that he believ'd what he preaches, and to be Chronicled in the *Gazettes*, and to Posterity, for *Folly* or *Hypocrisy*, or both. For if he wept in good earnest before his Idol, he should have rather wept before a *Wafer-God* of his own making, or, created by one of his *Shaveling-Priests*: Who, though they cannot give the *Wafer-God* neither Eyes nor Ears, yet they can make it a *living Soul*, and an *omniscient God*, (if they do not lye in their *Hearts*, as well as *Tongues*) that sees all things without *Eyes*, and hears without *Ears*, and can go, though it has no *Leggs*; and yet, I never heard of an *Host*, or *Wafer-God*, that run away from a Mouse or Rat, that came gaping to swallow it, and eat up the *Godhead* of *Christianity*) if we be so sottish as the *Papists* and *Jesuits*, and their *Priestcraft* or pious Frauds.

The Sect of the *Anthropomorphites*, is revived amongst the *Papists*, and amongst our selves too, fancying Almighty God  
to



to be like a Man, a great Man of Might and Glory, sitting like a King in Heaven, and to whom therefore thither they address their Adorations to the *East*, and holding up their Hands and Eyes when they pray to him : Which is not amiss, if it be done because God reveals himself more in Heaven, than in Hell or Earth ; but, to think that God is, in his Presence, more in Heaven, than Earth, Air, Hell, or the Sea, is *unaccountable nonsense* : For Almighty God, as He is *omnipresent*, so it is impossible, that He should be more in one *ubi*, or place than another ; or impossible to *move* or be *moved* ; for to move is to go from one place to another, which is impossible for omnipresence to do.

The Papists make God to have liv'd from all Eternity a Batchellor, until the Blessed Virgin was Marriageable, and then he espoused her, whom they call, *the Wife of God the Father*, and *Mother of God the Son*. But certainly that change cannot agree with the Divine Nature, which is neither *Male* nor *Female*, nor more a *Lord* than a *Lady*, nor more a *He* than a *She*, nor more of the *Masculine* Gender than the *Feminine*.

Christianity therefore is finely serv'd and observ'd, if the Papists be the most *numerous Sect thereof*, as the Jesuits say.

Add to them the *Greek Church* of Christians in *Armenia*, *Greece*, *Muscovy*, &c. that dote upon St. *Nicholas* (as much as the Papists dote upon St. *Peter*) the Key-keeper of Heaven-Gates. Whereas I have set *them wide open*, for God's sake, and wider than the Policy and Gain of *Purgatory* and *Priestcraft* can afford to allow.

The other Remnant of Christianity is the *Protestants* of all Sects and Denominations ; numberless are their Opinions, and as different from each other, cursing and damning each other to the Pit of Hell. And before they can thrust them into the *Bottomless Pit*, they fairly deliver one another to the *Devil*, in this Earth by *Excommunication* ; and then cut one anothers Throats for Religion.

Oh ! happy Earth at this day, the Rendezvous of Devils Incarnate, that fight and brawl, and murther and consume one another, 'till they are consumed one of another.

If ever the Devil spoke truth, some think, it was when he said, *Luke 4. 6.* to our Blessed Saviour, *shewing him, in a moment, all the Kingdoms of the World*, and saying, *All this Power*

*will I give thee, and the Glory of them, for that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will I give it.* But the Devil is a Lyar from the beginning, and we know that God has not abdicated and abandoned all Power and Glory in this vile Earth to the Devil : Yet since a General Rule has some Exceptions, we must say, that some Countries are happy in Kings that are *Nursing Fathers*, and Queens *Nursing Mothers*.

Nevertheless, how few are these in comparison of some Potentates, that, like the *Turkish* or *Muscovy* Government, and others that I could name (at lesser distance) whose *Wills* are their *Laws* and *Rules*, and make no more scruple of killing their Fellow Creatures, called, *Men, Women, and Children*, than they do of killing their Fellow-Creatures, called *Worms, and Nits, and Lice*.

Some Potentates, again, may be less Knaves, but more Fools than others ; so that there is *therein* to the People a *sad choice*, to be devoured by *Knaves*, or defended by *Fools* that cannot defend themselves.

Is not this Earth then very prettily managed ? Look into *Courts*, and the Poets will tell you,

*Exeat Aula — Qui velit esse pius —*

Then look into *Courts of Justice*, and *Juries*, and some will tell you, more than I am willing to tell you. How little are Oaths regarded, either by *Juries* or *Witnesses* ? — *So help them God* — Do they make nothing of that Imprecation and Curse upon themselves, if they break their Oaths ? It is too late to repent at last, when on their Death-beds ; they call upon God to help them, when they have, by frequent Perjuries, *forfeited all help from God* ; they and their own Consciences being *Witnesses* thereof. If I should rip up all other Professions in this Earth, this *Bog-house*, all *Christendom* over, the Stench thereof will be so offensive to the Reader, that I forbear any further to Anatomize the same.

Well therefore did our Saviour say (and I eccho) *Wo be to the World because of Offences.* Wo be to this nasty Earth, this sink of Perdition, this *Hell-beforeband*, or the fit Preface to it. Where the Wisdom of many is nothing but (as *Jam. 3. 14, 15.*) *bitter envying and strife being earthly, sensual, devilish.*

This

This Survey of this vile Earth, shews us the Folly of seeking or expecting Content in any part of it; the search is but *labour in vain*, or *Vanity* besides *Vexation of Spirit* (at the disappointment) into the Bargain.

I have been never the more discouraged at the vain attempt, because *Solomon* tried so many Experiments; for, perhaps, I have not so great an Opinion of his *Prudence*, as some have of his *Knowledge*; for though he was a great *Naturalist*, or *Physician*, *Lapidary*, and *Herbalist*, insomuch as the Scripture says, he was *wiser*, (that is, more cunning) than the *Gypsies*, 1 *Kings* 4. 30, 32. and was a *Poet*, (so he might be, you'll say) and not over-wise neither) and made 1005 *Ballads*, and spake of *Trees*, from the *Cedar* to the *Hyssop*, and of *Fowl* and *Beasts*; yet what differ'd he from a *Beast*, or worse, when his *Wives* and *Whores* made not only an *Ass* of him, but worse, an *Idolater* of *Stooks* and *Stones*, as much as the present *Pope Albino*, when he wept before the fenceless Image of our *Lady*, the other day. And for *Tyranny* (and, by the way, none are greater Fools than *Tyrants*) he almost equall'd the *Hector* of *France*. But yet (in spite of *St. Austin*) I hope he is in *Heaven*; but he made but an indifferent Figure upon this vile *Earth*, at least in that little part of it called *Palestine* or the *Holy Land*, not much bigger than *Yorkshire*, abating the vast *Wildernesses*, a silly Spot in comparison of all the rest of the *World*, and to give *Laws* to it; at least, little of the *World* gave any heed to that shabby, scabby Nations of the *Jews*, the vilest and most contemptible Wretches under *Heaven*.

2. This Theory, or, Survey of the *Earth*, may comfort you, as it has done me, if you meet with *Injustice*, *Troubles*, and *Oppression*; I expect no other, *premonitus, premunitus, forewarn'd, half-arm'd*. One removes from his *City-House* to his *Country-House* to avoid *Trouble*, and to the *Wells* and *Bath*; but all in vain, he must fly out of this vile *Earth* before he can avoid it; if he finds not *Trouble* without *Doors*, it meets him within, in spite of his *Teeth*, all precautions or preventions are in vain; for either *Distempers* in his own *Body*, or his *Family*, plagues him with *Diseases*, and, which is worse, with *Physicians* too; and is glad to pay them (as he does *Soldiers*) for plaguing and killing. Or if he scape these, he meets either with a whimsical *Wife*, that will be sick if she go not to the



*Wells*; and sick there too, except she has the young Physician that knows her Disease. Or else he has a cross, ill-natur'd, and worse humour'd Wife, that will make his Heart ache, if he be such a Fool as to heed her. Or else, which is worst of all, some Mens Lot is to have a *fond loving Ape*, that is as tiresome and wearisome as a *Wench* that will be lov'd, *whether a Man will or no*.

Thus Troubles, like unwelcome Guests, whether expected or not expected (as *Job* 3. 26.) 'tis all one for that, yet come they will: But they are less welcome to a prudent Man, because expected, and not unlook'd for.

If any thing in this Dunghil Earth be *Heavenly*, it is *Love* and *Friendship*, the only Graces exercised in Heaven by Saints and Angels.

*Love and Friendship*? Lust and Design more properly stiled. For *Love* is only a *softer Name*, given by Men and Women, as well as by Virgins, to cover *Lust*, even as *Charity* covers a *multitude of sins*. Which is, beyond all contradiction, true and undeniable, because, let the Woman know that the Man she dotes on is Gelt, or otherwise frigid and unfit, by Diseases or Age, to serve her Lust, she will spit in his Face, rather than suffer his loathed Embraces.

*Lust* therefore creates *Love*, or rather, *Lust* and *Love* are Twins, that *live*, and *move*, and are *barn together*, *live together* and *die together*.

And as for *true Friendship* (abating self-love) there never was such a heavenly thing in this vile Earth, not habitable, (nor ever was) by *Love*, *Friendship*, or *Justice*.

The Poet therefore did the Earth too much right, when he said,

*Terram Aethæa reliquit.*

Of *Justice* Men are quite bereft,

*Justice*, long since, the Earth hath left.

Yes, she is fled and gone, and all true *Love* and *Friendship* with her.

*Friendship*? a *Chimera*, a Poetical Fiction, a *meer Romance*; and but the name of a thing that should be. Poets prate, and Painters

Painters describe a *Pilades* and *Orestes*; Fable all! Nay, Holy Scripture tells of the Sworn Friendship betwixt *David* and *Jonathan*, passing the *Love of Women*. That is not meant of the *Love of Women one to another*, for they, generally speaking (whether handsome or unhandsome) usually envy, despise, hate, slander, and back-bite one another; but the *Love of Jonathan and David* was passing the *Love of Women to Men*, which continues as stedfast, certain, and lasting, as the *Last is lasting*, (as is taught already) and no longer than *Self-love* (that begets all Love and Friendship) *lasteth*. Nor can it long be dissembled, more than that of *David*, (whom *Jonathan* feared, and therefore struck up a solemn League and Covenant with him, lest he should cut off his Posterity) when the rest of the Blood-Royal and Pretenders to the Succession escaped not.

Nor did Crippledom altogether save poor *Mephibosheth*; for though his Lame Legs skrened his Head, yet not his Estate; for *David* (for no Offence at all) bereft him of a Moiety thereof, and gave it to *Ziba*, that slandered and betrayed his Master: Thus *Judas* (by Treachery) most unjustly gained the Pence, but what became of Justice the while? and the aforefaid solemn League and Covenant, that lasted not so long as the late Scotch League and Covenant; which is now as much derided and laugh'd at, as once it was most solemnly and nationally sworn, by a Company of Bigots and Priestridden Sots.

*Tantane Religio potuit suadere malorum?*

*Was it Religion that brought this to pass?*

*Religion! no, (more like) the Devil it was.*

How have we heard them Cant it? no Gypsies could outvy them, nor praise their *Egypt* more than these Bigots did their *England* and *Scotland*. Oh! the Gospel-light, the *Revolutions*, the *Visions*, the *Wisdom*, the *Sermons*, the *Lectures* of *Hugh Peters*, roaring *Marshals*, &c. bidding the Devil take the hindmost, that did not run in haste to part with their *Jewels*, *Silver Spoons*, and *Silver Bodkins*, &c. as liberally as ever did the sottish and superstitious *Israelites* with their *Jewels* and *Ear-rings*, and brought them to the Priest to make them a *Golden-Calf*, (such

was the *Scotch gent Covenant*) which they adored. And no sooner are we, *brutish Britains*, cured of *one Frenzy*, but we fall into another, or worse, if worse can be. A blessed Piece we are (then) at the *End* of this vile Earth; of which I have taken this short Prospect or Survey.

But from this Ground (thus already surveyed) we have a fair Prospect of the infinite Mercies of Almighty God, and the infinite Merits of our Saviour. For, if it be true, as saith the Scripture, that the whole World lieth in Wickedness; and is (in this Essay) particularly observed, then it follows necessarily, that it is the Lord's Mercy that we are not consumed long ago; nothing but infinite Patience could bear and forbear; nothing but infinite Love of God in Christ, which was reconciling the World unto himself, after such epidemical debauch, to be the Saviour of all Men, especially of those that believe.

Whence we learn that Christ is the Saviour of all Men, or, all Men have benefit by Christ's Merit, more or less, and the least, enough to save them from Original Sin (by Adam,) and from all other Sins of Weakness or Ignorance (if not supine) and humane Frailty. Nothing but wilful Sins, against the light of Nature, and the light of God's Word, can damn Men, now that Christ (the second Adam) is the Saviour of all Men that reject him not; for those that come unto him, he will in no wise cast out, John 6.37.

This is no Comfort tho' to Debauchees, Atheists, nor Deists; for though the Heathen and Mahometans, and those swarms that never heard of Christ, shall be saved by his Merits; yet, hypocritical and debauch'd Christians must not expect the Mercy they have rejected: their destruction is of themselves; for, It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it, to turn from the holy Commandment delivered unto them. But it is hapned unto them according to the true Proverb, The Dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that is washed, to be wallowing in the Mire, 2 Pet. 2. 21, 22. So that all the Gospel-light, Sermons, Sermons, we prate of, will but aggravate our Punishment at the Day of Judgment, if we (as undoubtedly I know to be true) have our Conversations worse than the Gentiles and Mahometans; who are so far from Cheating, or (as we mince it) outwitting, or over-reaching, that if you bid them (for example) thirteen pence for what they



ask you thirteen pence half-peny, their Rage boils over, saying, *What, do you think I am a Cheat, a Christian, a Villain, or a Jew?*

Therefore, wo be to you Chorazins and Capernaums, wo to you Christians, that have heard and seen the mighty works and words of Christ, it shall be more tolerable for Sodom in the day of judgment, than for you, Matt. 11. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24. Wo be to you Christian-Hypocrites, superstitious Bigots, Prieststridden Sots, that live in Envy, Hatred, Rancour, and Malice: This Wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish, Jam. 3. 14, 15, 16, 17.

For this cause, the Land mourneth; for this cause, Christendom is deluged in Blood, at this day, above and beyond any part of the Earth. And Christians make no scruple to cut one anothers Throats for God's sake, and for Religions sake, and a Groat a day; Christianity do you call it! The Devil is in them more like; for he was a Murtherer from the beginning.

For this cause, the whole Creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together (saith St. Paul, Romans 8. much more may we now say,) because of the Cruelty and Oppressions that are done under the Sun, by Men to Beasts, by Men to Men: Behold the Tears of such as are oppressed, and may they not groan for a deliverance; which is never likely to be whilst this Dunghil Earth (this Bog-house) lasteth; no, it wants purifying by the threatened (I had almost said promised) Conflagration, to consume the general filth, and save it, yet so as by fire, at the great Day, which we joyfully expect every day, that there may be new Heavens and a new Earth, 2 Pet. 3. 13. wherein dwelleth righteousness. But our Saviour calls Hell the place prepared (not for Heathens but) for Hypocrites, the worst Villains under Heaven; their Voice is Jacob's Voice, but their Hands are the Hands of Esau. When Bigots (like Gypsies) begin to Cant, if you be wise look to your Pockets.

# RECEIPTS

## To Cure the Evil

In this wicked World has been many, very many, as first,

Laws	{	Divine in the	{ Old } Testament by { Moses.
		Humane by	{ New } { Heathens. } { Christ.
			{ Christians.

**A**LL to very little purpose; for no sooner had God pen'd, with his own Fingers, the Ten Commandments, after he had brought the wretched *Jews*, *Acts* 7. 36. from the House of Bondage, shewing Wonders and Signs in the Land of Egypt, and in the Red-Sea, and in the Wilderness forty years. And perfectly to cure them of the Evil he sent *Moses* (the Magistrate) and *Aaron* (the Priest) *Acts* 7. 38, 39. with the lively Oracles to give unto them.

Before these lively Oracles or Ten Commandments were a day old, they (first) broke the First Commandment, and made a Calf in those days, and offered Sacrifice unto the Idol, and rejoiced in the Works of their own hands.

Then God gave them up to Worship the Host of Heaven, and they took up the Tabernacle of Moloch, and the Star of their God Remphan, Figures which they made to Worship them. Being (*Acts* 7. 37.) stiff-necked, and uncircumcised in Heart and Ear, and (always) resisting the Holy Ghost, as their Fathers did, so did they, and so they continue to this day.

Whereupon Projectors appeared in the World, that, since God and his Law, and true Religion would not do, they (as if wiser than God, and more Holy than He) invented new Superstitions (the product of their Hypocritical Noddles) called Traditions of the Pharisees, or Puritanical and Fanatical *Jews*, making void the Laws of God, to make room for their own Bigot-Traditions; thereby binding heavy burdens (not unlike our Fanatical

natical Superstitious Bigots and Sots) and grievous to be born, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers, Mat. 23. But, all their works they do for to be seen of Men, making broad their Philacteries, and enlarging the borders of their Garments, looking sinfully, sottishly, and grim, and shutting up the kingdom of Heaven against others, and neither go in themselves, neither suffering them that are entring to go in. Devouring Widows Houses, and for a pretence make long Prayers, and Sermons, Sermons, Sermons, which are little else than vain Repetitions and Crambees; 'till the Sand in the Hour-Glass be run out; stealing printed Sermons, to rescribble them, or, Turken'd (as usually) to the worse, and all to one and the same Tune: So that if Men and Women do not lye, they must say, after seven Years Apprenticeship to those Harangues, they are not one jot more Wise or more Holy.

And how should Christ prosper a Mode taken up, but not after His, nor his Apostles fashion, who never took a Text but once, and then the Sermon that related to it, or the Paraphrase upon it, was shorter than the Text: Therefore ye shall receive greater damnation, Mat. 23. 14, 15. Wo be to you Hypocrites; for ye compass Sea and Land to make one Profelite, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the Child of Hell, than your selves. Wo be to you ye blind Guides.

Thus, of late, the Munster Fanaticks in Germany, called themselves (as ours of late in England) the Saints, and the Blessed Ones, and the Meek Ones; and then kill'd or plunder'd every Man, Woman, and Child that were not as Mad as themselves; and being asked to show their Commission for committing those Outrages, Violence, Theft, and Murder, they pull'd their Bibles out of their Pockets, and vouched all they did from Mat. 5. 5. The Word of God, and of Christ was their Commission.

Thus have I heard a little Pulpiteer Preface his Harangue with stiling it the Word of God, most blasphemously, fathering his Nonsense and Fopperies upon God. By his Errors he may be a Doctor of an errable and fallible Church, (as is the Church of England;) but it is Impudence, as well as Falshood, to make God the Author of Sin and Error, because it comes out of a Priest's Mouth.



*Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the Earth!* Deliver your Purse therefore, and come up and be hang'd; for all you have is ours, by *Christ*, and his Holy Word.

*Mahomet* (the great Prophet of the *Turks* and *Persians*) never denied *Christ* and *John*; but, on the contrary, suffers no *Jew* to turn *Turk*, till he first turn *Christian*. I know that some say, *Mahomet* devised that not in Piety or Devotion to *Christ*, but in Policy to keep the *Jews* (now their Slaves) from turning *Turks* by swarms; and consequently Enfranchised and Manumitted, which would be a great loss to the *Turks*. For the Idolatrous Adoration of Images (in Popish Christendom) is so great a Scandal to the *Jews*, that scarcely one in an Age turns Papist, but thousands turn to *Mahomet*, whose Disciples and Profelites are computed to be four times more in number than *Christians* (of all Sects and sorts) in the whole World. Not that his *Alcoran* is better, or comparable to our Holy Scripture; but (quoth *Mahomet*) God sent the Holy *Jesus*, his Son, and a great Prophet, to convert the wicked World, (but to little purpose) by his Word; therefore he sent me to Convert the World by the Sword: So says the *Inquisition*, and the Pope, and the *French King*, and the *Jeshuits*.

And when all is done, the Sword will prevail most, or else the Devil is in't.

For our Sermon-mongers, in this Age, have been so far from converting the Age, that no *Turks* or *Heathens* but are Saints and honest Men to us; that abound in nothing but Self-conceit, pufft up with Pride of our Gospel-light and Attainments, but swell'd with Malice, Slanders, and Backbitings, hated of one another, and hating and cheating one another. A *Turk* would scorn to be so base.

So that though we Priests have got the Peoples Money by our Harangues (the only colour of true Religion left amongst us) yet what good do the People get by them, more than the senceless Ice and Snow, to whom we pray and preach in the *Benedicite*, as enjoind by Statute-Law, and to as good purpose as when we preach to senceless and unthinking Bigots.

*To Pray and Preach (as in the Common-Prayer)*  
*To Worms, Beasts, Fishes, and Fowls of the Air ;*  
*And to the senseless Floods, and Ice, and Snow ;*  
*To Stars (above) and Mountains (here below ;)*  
*To the Priests of the Lord, and Ananias,*  
*With their Comrades, Misael, Azarias ;*  
*To Sun and Moon, though they, perhaps, not hear us,*  
*And if they hear, I fancy, they but Jear us.*  
*Winter and Summer too hear what we say,*  
*One of you, tho', is absent when we pray ;*  
*And in the Spring and Harvest of the Year,*  
*You, neither of you (deaf Gulls!) will appear ;*  
*Yet you, as much as Bigots, Reason hear.*

Has not our Predecessors (good Men) had a very low and mean Opinion of the Capacities of us, dull English, when they hand to us, at this rate, what we swallow without chewing ; nay more, we receive all, not only with Applause, but loud Huzzab's and Healths drunk to their Prosperity ?

The Pope and his Priests (like the Pharisees too) finding the World to continue so wicked, in spite of God's Law, and Christ's Words, Miracles, and Sacraments : And the Apostles Doctrine would not do the business (at least, not the Priest's business, who had no Maintenance but going a begging, Perswasions and Entreaties) therefore they invented an Engine to kill two Birds with one Stone ; namely, to make the Priests not only very Rich, but very Proud, and to Lord it (though Christ had expressly forbid it) not only one Priest over another, and one Church over another, High-Church over Low-Church, and both, over Kings and Nobles, Princes and Emperors. But also make the Laiety deliver their Purses, and their best Lands and Territories voluntarily, and happy was he could first be rid on't, since there was no other way to be saved.

The Wafer-God and Purgatory did this feat, and a thousand lying Miracles and Legends to vouch the pious Frauds ; nay, Birds, Beasts, and Asses have opened their pretty Mouths to sing Te Deum to their Wafer-God ; and silly Sheep and Goats bended their Knees in adoration of the Host, or God of the Priest's making ; and the very Bees have made Shrines for this Deity.

of the *Papists*. To the Truth whereof the Bigots will swear, murder, and fight, and die, rather than deny their *breaden* God; yet, notwithstanding, though the *Laiety* have not their *Belly-full* of Gods, at one time, yet they *bury* them in their *nasty* Guts, as many as they can get to eat. We laugh at the Idolatry of the *Egyptians*, in worshipping a *Cow*, and an *Onion*, because, forsooth, it makes the *Beholders* weep, as the Image of the *Blessed Virgin* (lately) fetch'd briny *Tears* from the tender-hearted *Pope*:

*Oh! most devout Infallibility,  
Stain'd with Infallible Idolatry!*

In short, all the *Receipts* that *Priestcraft* has prescrib'd amongst *Protestants* and *Papists*, are *Remedies* far worse than the *Disease*; and are prov'd to be defective, to *Cure* the *Evil* of this *vile Earth*. So that the *World* is not one jot amended, since the days of the *Prophet* *Jeremy* 9. 3, 4, 5.

For (still) They bend their *Tongues*, like their *Bow*, for *Lies*; but they are not valiant for the *Truth* upon the *Earth*; they proceed from *evil* to *evil*, and they know not me, saith the *Lord*.

Therefore, Take ye heed every one of his neighbour, and trust ye not in any brother; for every brother will utterly supplant, and every neighbour will walk with slanders.

And, They will deceive every one his neighbour, and will not speak the truth; they have taught their *Tongues* to speak *Lies*, (even in *Verdicts*, though upon their *Oaths* — So help them *God*,) and weary themselves to commit *Iniquity*.

To prevent *Deceivers*, get a *Committee* to call *Receivers* of the *Publick Revenue* and *Grid Irons* to account. 'Tis done: What then?

Why, then displace them, and, in their rooms, put in *new-ones*. 'Tis done: What then?

Why, then face about, to the left, just as you were, with this difference, That an hungry *Lowse* bites keener than one already gorg'd.

But some may say to me, you have given us a melancholy *Prospect* and *Landskip* of this *vile Earth*, (this dirty *fag-end* of the universe) and its *Aches* and *Distempers* under which it



labours and groans. But have you never a *Receipt* nor *Conceit* to Cure, or at least palliate the aforesaid *Deceit*.

To which I answer, — Yes, yes, I have *one*, and perhaps more than one; but it is a *None-such*, or (as Physicians Cant) a *Nostrum*.

Come, tell us, in short, what it is?

It is, it is, — let me see — (Do not laugh, and I'll tell you, without a Fee) It is —

*A Tacking-Parliament (if not too late)*

*To mend the many Holes in Church and State:*

*So that they do not as the Tinkers do,*

*Botching, to mend one Hole, do make us two.*

But (in good earnest) not to leave the Reader in *despair* of Cure, nor to *baulk* my own Skill, I will give you a *short* and *sure Receipt* for the infallible Cure of the *Evil*, especially the *King's-Evil*, in this unhappy Earth, and will make Men prosperous, successful, beloved, and admired, and the favourites both of Heaven and Earth.

I had the *Receipt* from an *old Divine*, that was a great *Statesman*, as well as a great *Churchman*, and lived to be (almost) as old as my self, and one of the best *Preachers* that ever adorn'd a *Pulpit*, and one of the ablest *Politicians* that ever guided and governed the Helm of State, if his Advice be but followed. For he had a Tongue so well hung, that it pleas'd, as well as ravish'd every Ear that heard it, whether he sat on the Wool-packs, the Bench, or the best Seats in the Church, he deserv'd them all; for he had an incomparable Tongue and Brain.

But here's the Devil on't, and that which (it is to be feared, carried him to the Devil, because he did not practise what he preach'd: His Tongue and his Feet run counter; and, like a Skuller, he look'd one way and row'd another; not for want of Wit, but Grace; so that we must do as he said, not as he did.

He was a great Author too, both in Prose and Verse, being both a good Orator and a good Poet too; and withal (do not wonder) a very wise Man, having written three thousand *Proverbs*, and a thousand and five *Ballads* or *Poems*: His Ma-  
ster-

ster-piece was that which (in some Old English Translations) is called, *The Ballad of Ballads*, or, *the Canticles*; and the best Advice to a Son was this piece of Kingcraft, or Receipt to *Cure the Evil*, Prov. 3. 3. *Let not Mercy and Truth forsake thee.*

God is said to sit on the *Mercy-seat*; so should all Magistrates, as well as Kings, if they will be like God. Foolish pity, indeed, spoils a City; but by Mercy is meant mild Justice. If the strings of Justice be too slack, or, on the contrary, stretch to the utmost, till they break, the harmony is spoil'd.

Hence Parliament-Men and Judges need no other Tutor, and when Mercy has forsaken them, they have wrack'd the Vessel they should have guided, and themselves too, by Oppression, as did *Rehoboam*, and other Tyrants, following the Counsel of young Counsellors (though, perhaps, old Men) and ruin'd the silly well-meaning King, by their rash, violent, and head-strong Advice, like that of *Sibthorp*, *Mountague*, *Manwaring*, *Laud*, and his Chaplains, (young Politicians) like our *Highflyers*, all of them *old enough to be wiser.*

Could there have been such a Revolt, as of Ten of the Twelve Tribes in *Israel*, and a majority in *Englnd*; and also to leave the true Religion for *Feroboam* and *Cromwel's* false Religions, to believe such Nonsense as to Worship Maggots, and Golden Calves, were they not first made mad by Oppression, at the Instance and Advice of the rash unthinking Counsellors, (not unlike *Oxonian Highflyers*) that, instead of Mercy, make spit-fire Harangues; and, to vouch the Folly, get a License from as wise a Vice-Chancellor. Are such Religions, or Religious Men, a support to Government? Have we not suffer'd enough already by *Highflyers*?

Hence they may learn *Moderation*, but unthinking *Highflyers* never learn, never *did*, never *will* take warning, 'till, like rash *Phaeton*, they turn the World to a Flame, and bury themselves in the Ruine. For by *Fraud* and *Force*, by *excessive Fines*, *Pillories*, *Burning in the Cheeks*, *Imprisonments*, and the like Oppression, they with their *Jaylors*, *Bumbailiffs*, and *Hangmen*, make the People Mad; no wonder then that they rebel like mad, and fight like mad, and run a madding after any whimsey in Religion, to colour and hallow the subsequent Desolations.

All which may be prevented, if Mercy and Truth forsake us not, *That we may have favour* (Prov. 3. 4.) *and good understanding* (better translated from the Originals) *good Prosperity and Success in the sight of God and Men*; and consequently be (in a great measure) *cured of the Evil* of this wicked World.

By reflecting on this *Survey of the Earth*, we may see what it is? It is vile; none good, save one, which is God. And *how it comes to be so vile*; It is natural to it to have dross in it, as well as fine Gold, and Dunghils as well as Pearls.

Again, We hence may see the cause of Misfortunes, and the Discontents and Dissatisfactions of all Men here upon the Earth; the just and wise Providence making all our *Portions and Portions* to be either *Bitter-sweets* or *Bitter-draughts*. *Bitter-sweets*, because of the Root of Bitterness or Wickedness naturally growing up with us and (consequently) troubling us. Sorrow always is the consequence of Sin; and when Sorrows come, we may thank our selves, our vile earthly selves. The Lecher has had (what he calls) his *Sweets*, but then wonder not at his *bitter Groans*, the consequence of Pocky-Bones. Thieves, and other Rogues, may well hang an Arle, when Jack Ketch bids them, *Come up and be hang'd*, they may thank themselves for those *Bitter-sweets*.

The like may be apply'd to other Sins, and all other sinful Wretches, in particular; and to wretched Nations, in general. National Judgments are the natural consequents of National Sins.

But (may some say) some Rogues *escape a scowring*, and some *Fools have Fortune*; I deny it: All have *Bitter-sweets* and *Bitter-draughts*, more or less, and more or less *wholesome*, never *Toothsome*; you applaud a Victorious General, but know not where the Shooe wrings him.

*Bitter-sweets* — Rogues have that escape (which is but seldom) *the Gallows*: The fears (of being taken in their Sins) they live in, is more trouble than Death it self; living in perpetual Paroxisms; the Ague-fit is *Quotidian* and Incessant; living in Hell upon Earth, or Hell beforehand.

And, That *Fools are Fortunate*, — Is a mistake, a Man by Villany, Craft, or Extortion, gets an Estate, but not thereby Quiet and Content of Mind. Perhaps he has no *Children*, no  
Heirs



Heirs to his Estate ; or, if Children, possibly they may prove to be (like *Solomon's Heir*) Blockheads and *Reboboams*. Or, Has the *Bitter-sweet* of a cross Wife, a wanton or sickly Minx, distemper'd in Mind or Body, or both ; Or, in a hundred such Contingencies, of which every Man is his own best Monitor, to prove the Truth of the never-failing *Bitter-sweets* ; so just is Providence, or the Spirit that guides the Motions of this vile Earth. What signifies Wealth with Pain and Sickness ; or, pester'd almost as bad with the *Physician*.

But, may some say, why did not the wise God (or, which is all one) the *infinitely wise Nature*, create this Earth altogether pure, and of fine Gold, without any Dross or Dunghil.

I answer — That would be contrary to the nature of the Earth, and as unprofitable as unsutable : A Dunghil manures the Earth, and makes it fruitful ; fine Gold is less useful than Iron, and good for nothing but to make Mortals fall together by the Ears, and butcher and worry one another. Probably the Inhabitants of the other purer Orbs (as the *Sun*, *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, *Venus*, and other more resplendent and greater Stars) are more Divine, more Heavenly, more Spiritual (like their Mansions) than those of this dark and dull Sphere.

For there is no such thing in Nature as a vacuity, not a Leaf or Twig but is full of Inhabitants, greater or less, and more or less, according to its Nature and Capacity.

We *Earthly Mortals* (too) according to our *Earthly sensual Nature*, are more or less vile, and consequently, more or less, unfortunate or miserable.

But, perhaps, you will say *some always Sail with a merry Gale*, always have the *Wind in Poop*, and run right afore it ; whilst others *tug the labouring Oar*, and laver against Wind and Tide. It must be so, it cannot be otherwise sometimes ; but when the Wind shifts, (as it always does) the Fortunes of both are chang'd ; therefore wonder not at the matter —  
*In the day of Prosperity be joyful, in the day of Adversity consider.*

And why may not the Earth (and the Men on Earth) be vile, to make them better by the *Bitter-draught* of Affliction and Repenrance ? If *Penitence* be more acceptable to Heaven than simple *Innocence* ? as our Blessed Saviour seems to inculcate ; there is more joy in Heaven for one Sinner that repenteth, more than for ninety nine just Persons (where are they ?) that need

need no Repentance. However, we Earthly Mortals must be content with our Lot and Portions; namely, our *Bodies terrestrial*; but the *Bodies celestial* are in more divine and happier Orbs; this of ours is the worst, as well as the lowest. And I could fancy, (if that fancy were but agreeable to the *Philosophy* and *Physicks* of *Moses*, in the first Chapter of *Genesis*) that the other superior Orbs or Spheres, the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, are of far longer continuance and duration, than this mouldring, crumbling clod of *Earth*, as being moulded and made of more lasting and better Stuff, and of a more solid Constitution and heavenly Complexion — But —

*Que supra nos, nihil ad nos.*

How Affairs go in the High-Sphere,  
Concerns not us (poor Earthworms) here.

But here, on this Earth we know our irrevocable Doom; every one (from the Prince to the Peasant) that is born of a Woman; may, by woful experience, set their Hands and Seals as Witnesses to the truth of that Scripture, *Job* 14. 1. — 5. 7. full of trouble, and born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards, that is, naturally.

Trouble Arrests all with a Writ called *Non omittas*: No Person so sacred, so majestical, so victorious; no place in Court or Country is privileged or exempt.

But, some Comfort still; for, as the Vipers Flesh is an Antidote against the Venom of its Sting and Teeth; so Trouble, being our natural and unavoidable Portion and Lot, it is some Consolation to have good Company; *Socios habuisse dolorum*; no Temptation can befall us but such as is common to Men.

In your Patience then possess your Souls, your Troubles will end, or, at least make an end of you; in the Grave, there the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest. Fretting and Anxiety cannot help you, *Why dost thou moan? Why dost thou groan?* either there's help, or else there's none. If Trouble come not one way, it will, it must come another way; if not from the East, then from the West at least; or some other Point of the Compass.



In this Survey of the Earth I have been often upon the search, and the Grand Inquest, to find in what place of this Earth was situated, the Garden of Eden, or Adam's Paradise; plainly described in Genesis 2. with its known Boundaries and Landmarks; whence flowed also four Rivers, Pison, Gihon, Heddekel, and Euphrates..

The three first of them have run away with themselves, have lost themselves; *Non sunt inveniendi* — only Euphrates still keeps its Name and Channel to this day.

No skill in Geography, no nor the aid of any Travellers, no, not the famous Sir John Mandevill, nor mad Tom Coriart, that Foot-Pad and Scotch Footman, ever yet made any more discovery of the Garden of Eden, than of the Head of Nile, which I cannot find in the Mountains of the Moon; perhaps its Spring takes rise from Paradise, which I guess was situated above the Clouds and its said Rivers (like Nile) derive their Spring-heads from the Snow and Clouds: And just above the middle Region, I fancy, stands Adam's Paradise; and is the place, the blessed place whither Christ carried the good Thief, *Luke 23. 43.*

And is not this Third Region of the Air, (so quiet, so serene, and above the Storms and Clouds of the Middle Region (like the Peak of Teneriff in the Canaries) that Third Heaven, which St. Paul also calls Paradise, a blessed place, and the Church of All-Saints and Angels, to which St. Paul says he was spirited away, to the best of his thinking, *Kidnap'd* as the Original, *ἡρτάην* signifies, *Raptum fuisse in Paradisum* (as the Vulgar-Latin) *2 Cor. 12. 2, 4.*

In this Paradise grows the Tree of Life, which shall for ever cherish those, (and only those) that overcome this vile World, the Flesh, and the Devil, *Rev. 2. 7.*

In this Paradise St. Paul heard a Language or Speech *ἀγένητα*, (it is no Bull) which Speech was unspeakable, that is, could not be *eccho'd* or repeated by Mortals; and therefore it could not be Hebrew, Greek, nor Welch, which (I fancy) was the primitive Language, in which the primitive Dialogue and Conference, betwixt Eve and the Serpent in Paradise, was first managed; and therefore the Language of Balaam and his Ass, in probability.

With which the Prophet must (as well as Eve) be familiarly ac-



acquainted, or else they would *both*, not only be at a loss for ready Answers, but also have been startled to hear a *Serpent* or an *Ass* speak; which was doubtless a wonder, and to be wondred at, being so singular a rarity; but not so wonderful or unfeizable as to hear a Spirit speak, having no Organs, no material Organs, of Tongue, Lips, Palate, and Teeth, without which it has puzzled all Christian Philosophy, to reconcile the possibility of forming words articulate; but to Heaven nothing is impossible.

Let incredulous Deists (whose Faith is too costive, as the *Bigots Faith*, on the contrary, is too laxative and loose) giggle and laugh at our easy Credulity how they please; yet, after all, I am no eager Champion for Credulity or Faith, without Ground, Groundsel, or Reason; for such Credulity is more properly stiled *Folly* than *Faith*.

*A Bigot Euclid's Elements does defy,*

*(Though Demonstration proves his Faith absurd,*

*And Logick can afford it no good word,)*

*Yet Faith can the conclusion deny.*

*Believing things because impossible:*

*(As if Men were to the wise God more dear,*

*The more of foolish Faith they swallow here.)*

*Fools are in all things (except Faith) indocible.*

*Does God delude Men to believe great Lyes?*

*(No, God forbid! 'Tis foolish Zeal and Ire,*

*That dares to make of Truth a base Bonafire,)*

*Whilst Mob buzzes Jack Ketch his Sacrifice.*

*In darker Times, when Men for Truth did grope,  
(But now in Gospel-Times, and Days of light,  
Old dusky glimmering Truth does shine more bright)  
And every paultry Jury-Man's a Pope.*

*Go fetch from Rome the Pope's Infalible Chair;  
Who, to find Truth, would so far roam,  
When every Blockhead has it here at home?  
And place it (for Rhime's sake) at Westminster.*

Some think that *Paradise* was turn'd topsy-turvy by *Noah's Flood*; but that cannot be, because *Moses*, that liv'd long after *Noah*, describes it by known limits; or otherwise it had been bootless to describe it at all.

Or, are the great *Jewish Rabbins* and *Talmud* good *Guessers*, when they make *Adam's Paradise* to be (like *Mother Eve's Dialogue with the Serpent*) an *Allegory* or *Parable*, not a *History*. If so (I guess too) I have found the *Moral*; for, was not *Adam's Paradise* a *Type* of the true *Paradise*, inhabited by the *Pope*, and his *Priests*, his *Monks*, and his *Nuns*, who seem to be exempt from the *Curse*, pronounc'd upon all others of *Adam's Race* — In the sweat, (not of their own, but) of other Men's Faces do they eat Bread.

Like the *Lillies of the Field* (as I once said before) they toil not, neither do they spin, yet *Solomon* in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Having all the *Comforts of Life*, without the *Cares*, the *Fears*, the *Toils*, the *Hazards*, and the *Troubles* of *Wives*, *Children*, or *Families*.

The *Merchant* plows the *Seas* for them, and the *Husbandman* the *Earth*; and they fence themselves, and all their *Goods* and *Lands* with a *Charm* (that will not scare a *Crow* from their *Corn*) called *Sacrilege*, *Sacrilege*, a Bug that frights the *Bigots*, and all *Mankind*, except the *French King* and *Deists*.

This present Pope (tho') is glad to keep up an Army to help to fence from *Vendosmes* and *Prince Eugenes*, and all little enough, the World is grown so hardy, they make no more of a Pope's Bull or Curse, than a Crackfart (as *Queen Elizabeth* call'd it;) but time was when it did such execution as made Kings and Emperors (trembling) on bended Knees beg Pardon of an angry Pope, and humbly kiss his Toes.

But still *Priestcraft* is not quite out of date, the Pope and his Priests can never want Money here upon Earth, nor Heaven hereafter; because they keep an Insurance-Office, to secure (both) to them and their Successors for evermore, by never-failing Policies and Funds, *St. Peter's Patrimony*, and *Peter-Pence*.

An Art *St. Peter* never knew; if they be in debt, no *Catchpole Rascal*, or *Bumbastiff*, dares arrest them; no peevish or malicious Judge dares to sentence them; no corrupt Juries fine them, or find them guilty.

Silver and Gold (*St. Peter*) he had none,  
 Chymists! avaunt; the Pope and Priests alone,  
 Have got the *Nostrum*, the *Philosopher's Stone*.  
 Turn all they touch (as *Midas* did of old)  
 Sins, Sermons, Prayers, Masses, too, to Gold.  
 None need to pray, if they the Priesthood pay;  
 The more Men sin, the richer still are they:  
 They turn Hell, Purgatory, Heaven to Coin,  
 Which none (for fear of Sacrilege) purloin.  
 If this be not the *Earthly Paradise*,  
 My search is vain, I know not where it is.

Another Receipt, that I shall prescribe, to make Men and Women rub through this vile Earth chearfully, is, in all Contingencies, to say, as I say, and do as I do.

I say, It's well it's no worse; and whatever offends mine Eyes or Ears, it never is permitted to go so low as my little Band or Cravat; it never comes at my Heart.

Which



Which is one Cause (under God) that I have lived in this  
vile Earth so healthfully, so cheerfully, and so long.  
And to get Content (here in this vile Earth) practise these  
Verses of

## CONTENTMENT.

*Give me Retirement, and a Seat*

*Rather Contemptible than great.*

*Contentment, if on Earth 'tis found,*

*Go look it in some little Ground:*

*For Crowds, great Business, and Attendance,*

*Pomp, State, long Trains, and great dependance,*

*Make such a bustle where they stay,*

*They 'fright Contentment quite away:*

*Much less (where e'er Contentment lies)*

*'Tis not in others Mouths, Ears, Eyes.*

*He that admires my pretty Shoes,*

*Yet, where they wring me, little knows.*

*Others to me Applauses bring,*

*And Joy me; I find no such thing.*

*Sycophants praise me to the Sky,*

*But whisper to themselves, they lye.*

*Another hugs me in his Arm,*

*(Who can think (then) he means me harm?)*

*By-standers saw him do me wrong,*

*He, o'er my Shoulders, loll'd his Tongue.*

*A wise Man in and to himself can give*

*Content, and nought can him thereof deprive;*

*God thus (before the World was made) did live.*

Another

Another Recipe (I shall prescribe) is, to take care you be not mock'd, deluded, cheated, or imposed upon, meerly by good Words, and good Names, for vile things, and vile Actions in this vile Earth; calling, or rather miscalling, Love, when it is nothing but Lust: Friendship, when it is nothing but Interest: Religion, when it is nothing but Superstition: Faith, when it is nothing but Folly. And Flattery when tis but vain.

First, I will Instance in

## LOVE, alias LUST.

Have you not seen the Hounds so swiftly go,  
With nimble Feet traversing to and fro,  
On a hot scent, with double Mouth they roar,  
Eager to catch the baying Buss before?  
So Lovers would pursue their Game no more,  
(Whether in Love with Virgin, Wife, or Whore)  
Were it not for the little thing before.

The Woman Loves the Man, the Man the Woman,  
Only to have their Businesses in common;  
Of which, when as they have no further need,  
The Love grows faint, when Lust is sick indeed.  
The Hart in Rutting-time grows raging mad,  
But when his Lust's asswag'd, grows tame and sad:  
'Tis Lust when Harts do Rut at every Hind,  
'Tis Love when to one single Deer confin'd.  
Lust, by the spell of Marriage comes to be  
A very lawful (Licens'd) Lechery.

Fine Love, foul Lust are Twins, or, near of kin,  
Together end, together do begin.  
Betwixt them both small difference we find,  
Lust flies at all, Love is to one confin'd:  
Both live together, both together fly,  
Both are together born, together dy.  
No Man nor Woman e'er begun to Love,  
Till Lust with wanton warmth their Loins did move:  
Which warmth, when Age or Sicknes takes away,  
The Love with Lust together does decay:  
Only dry Friendship they perhaps retain,  
And Civil to each other may remain.  
When Age or Sicknes are together met,  
The Rage of youthful Love they quite forget.  
Lust is a fulsome Pill; Love guilds it; thence,  
Like Eve's Fig-leaf it hides the naked sence.

A Friend of mine therefore, that once had been such a  
Fool, as almost to run mad for Love, upon his Conversion  
sent me this :

Farewel to doating Love.

It cannot be, I should be such a Sot,  
To groan for Laura's hate : I have forgot  
( At least ) the Magick of her Ivory-Arms,  
Her heaving, panting Breasts have lost their Charms;  
I ( unconcern'd ) behold her ogling Leer,  
And in her Mein no Beauty does appear ;

Nor



Nor in her Ayre, nor in her Je ne scoy quoy,  
 All's but a senceless nothing, or, a Toy.  
 Her privy Love-signs, mix'd with forc'd disdain,  
 Her jilting Nods, and wheedling turns are vain,  
 As her false Smiles, my staggering Heart to gain:  
 I have (too long) with patience drag'd her Chain,  
 And now, am a bold Rebel to her Reign.

I glory in this blest Seditian,  
 Success has sanctify'd Rebellion.

Be not such a Fool then, hereafter, to nick-name things;  
 but, like *Adam*, give to things such Names as speak their Na-  
 tures, and call Love, — Lust.

And, secondly, Call Friendship, — Interest, or, Self-love.

Love is this World's best Gem, and natural;  
 There is no Love but what we Self-love call:  
 We love our selves, the rest is Cosenage all;  
 No Love can last except Reciprocal.  
 One's ready to run mad for his dear Love:  
 Another brags how true his Friend will prove;  
 Nothing but Death can part them; (that's a Lye,)  
 If your Friend's Love once cease, yours (too) will dye.  
 Parents their Children, Children Parents Love.  
 Only because they love themselves, I'll prove:  
 Let either's Love but once to Hatred turn,  
 The Love then dies, although the Loss we mourn;  
 For Love and Friendship are Correlata,  
 Which mutuo ponunt se, & cætera.

*Friendship, whilst Handmaid to Self-love, it pleaseth ;  
When it no longer serves our turns, it ceaseth.*

*Unthinking Men* (that consider not the nature of this vile Earth) expecting Men should be grateful, when they have been *bountiful*, upon disappointment, vex themselves, saying, If it had been an Enemy I could have born it ; but thou — my Friend — my Son — who can bear it with Patience? Who? Any Man may bear it, that is not a Coxcomb : It always was so, and, for ought we know, will be so.

Husband and Wife, Father and Mother, Parents, Friends and Children, Sister and Brother, when their several Interests clafh, are but the Names (the empty Names) of things that should be.

*No Man with Love or Friendship can be blest,  
When they do thwart Self-love, Lust, Interest.*

And Thirdly, Call not Superstition, --- Religion.

This, *this Superstition* flur'd upon us, for Religion, has cheated, or, outwitted this silly World (by crafty Priests, and Priest-rid Statesmen) like false Dice, they have put the Doctor upon us, and gull'd us to our Faces, as well as to our Shame and Loss.

It was so in the beginning, is yet the same, and ever shall be, 'till the World be wiser, and believe their own Eyes, their own Senses, their own Reason, (the Soul's best Eye ; ) and not permit the Priests to hood-wink them, or put out their Eyes, as the Philistines did to silly St. Sampson.

If Holy Scripture, and other authentick Histories, did not confirm us, who could imagine, that when the High-priest Aaron, meditating Rebellion against his Prince that Ordain'd him a Priest (and a chief Priest, and an Arch one too) and made a Golden Calf of the Jewels and Ear-rings, of which the Jews, or, Jacobites, or, Cheats, outwitted the Gypsies (as cunning as they were) and thereof an Idol being made, by the Arch-priest — Must not those Religious, or rather superstitious Coxcombs, be out of their little Wits to say,  
These

*These be thy gods, O Israel, that brought thee out of the Land of Egypt, out of the House of Bondage?*

But, not to fetch Instances from beyond Sea; Must not *English-men* (when Papists) be very silly, and the King and Parliament be very cruel, as well as ill advised, to burn at a Stake so many Innocents, because they could not believe that the Wafer (charm'd, or, consecrated by a shaveling Priest) was the God that made the World, and then eat and devour him; and (saving your presence) spit him out again?

King *William*, sometimes called in our Records, *William the First*, and *William the Bastard*, or, *William the Conqueror*, had Wit enough to get a Kingdom, but had not Wit enough to distinguish betwixt true Religion and Superstition.

Insomuch, as Sir *Richard Baker* (in his *Chronicles*) tells us, That a Covetous Bishop asking somewhat of the King, which the King did not think fit to grant, the angry Bishop curs'd him, and excommunicated him to the Devil.

Upon which the trembling King fell down upon his Knees, begging Absolution, but all in vain.

For the Bishop flung out of the Room, and left the poor Bigot kneeling, till the Nobles run after the enraged Bishop, and with much ado, and Promises of the Gain he demanded, they brought him back to the kneeling King, who could not be perswaded to rise till the Bishop uncurs'd him, or absolv'd him.

The Compilers of the Thirty Nine Articles of the Church of *England*, very wisely (therefore) in their Article concerning *Excommunication*, make the same *then* (and only then) to be of full force, strength, and virtue, if (ay, if) the same be rightly administred.

But *Excommunication* can never certainly (and consequently not rightly) be administred, without that Gift of the Holy Ghost, called, *discerning of Spirits*; without which it is impossible that any *Excommunication* can be with certainty (or otherwise than by guess) rightly administred.

St. *Peter* had this Gift of *discerning of Spirits*, when he excommunicated, curs'd, or kill'd *Ananias* and *Sapphira*.

And this Gift of *discerning of Spirits* had St. *Paul*, when he excommunicated the Incestuous Person, and *Hymeneus* and



*the Flesh*, (that must be killing them) that by that Affliction their Spirit might be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus, the Day of Judgment.

The Pope and Popish Priests, therefore, never Excommunicated any, 'till they made Bigots believe that they had the Gift of *discerning of Spirits*, or, (which is the same thing) *Infallibility*.

But for a *fallible Church* to Excommunicate, (and then get some *easy Magistrate* to do what Satan used to do in the Apostles Days, for the destruction of the Flesh, in Jails, Prisons, and *Smithfield Fires*) seems to me unaccountable; as also unaccountable to the Articles of the *Church of England*, that vouches no Excommunications but when *rightly Administred*.

Of which I have a large Account by me, but this Hint is enough to caution this silly World, that they be not for ever Prieststridden.

Nor, like *William the Conqueror*, and many Emperors, become Slaves to the Priests, grind in their Mill, and do their drudgery, in pain and peril (upon refusal) that shall come thereon, except they distinguish betwixt *true Religion* and *Priestcraft*, or, *Superstition*.

And, *Fourthly*, To cure this silly World, call not *Folly*, *Faith*. But all *Faith* is *Folly*, if Men believe and know not *why*, nor *wherefore*, they (*thus*) may believe any Religion, *Mahometism*, as well as *Christianity*.

Of which I have said enough in my *Character of Priestcraft*, and especially in the *Vindication of that Character*.

And shall here only add an *Epitaph* that fits the Grave and *Tombstone* of every Pope and every Papist.

*Here lies a Popish Corps; his Soul is laid,  
In a place which the Great God never made:*

*For Heaven, Hell, Earth, from God their being take;  
But crafty Priests did Purgatory make,  
To Reign therein for filthy Lucre's sake.*

The last *Recipe*, to make Life *easy* (on this vile Earth) is to Arm you against *Fear*, especially the *Fear of Death*, whereby Men, *all their Life-time* are kept in *Bondage*; no Man can possibly live happily that wants

## A Fence against Fear of Death,

ESPECIALLY

Against an Old Man's Fear of Death.

To see a Wretch with Age and Pangs worn out,

(Yet shivering when he sees his best Physician

(Death) that alone can cure his lost condition.)

I smiling write, who can forbear to flout?

The trembling Caitiff knows no reason why,

He runs from what he can by no means fly.

No Friends nor Money a Reprieve can buy,

Man was not born to live, but born to dy.

Stay till I sharp my Pen another time,

(I'll goad and prick the fillering Coward on,

Until Death's Ague-fits in him be gone.)

Dreading Death's Darts less than my keener Rhime,

The silly Wretch has his excuse at hand,

(I fear not Death, only its consequence,

That terrifies the greatest Men of sence,)

The wise are nonplus'd and put to a stand.

You should say, Fools are nonplus'd, fear'd in vain,  
 (The wise, which are but few, know better things,  
 They know the very worst (of all) Death brings)  
 Death is no loss, but benefit and gain,  
 Priests fright you (not themselves) with Purgatory-Pain.  
 To make a further fence, I here forbear,  
 'Tis proper only for a wise-man's Ear;  
 Bigots unworthy are my Skill to hear,  
 For I have much to say they cannot bear,  
 To dye like Men and Christians without fear.

Lastly, If you would live easy and free from Trouble of  
 every thing (except an evil Conscience) turn Sycophant; for  
 the old Adage will still be too true in this vile Earth,

*Obscurem Amicos, veritas odium Parit.*

Truth begets many Enemies,  
 But Friends are got by Flatteries.

You'll say I prescribe this Recipe, as Physicians do (prescribe)  
 Receipts for others, which they never take themselves; Wit-  
 ness my Naked Truth, Ceremony-mongers, Priestcraft, and all my  
 other Books; and witness this Survey of this vile Earth. So be it.  
 Amen. Still, I had rather be Paradox Tell-Truth, than a thriving  
 Sycophant.

I foresaw and foretold the Enmity that would pursue me;  
 and which I despise and scorn; for Night and Day I always  
 wear my Armour of proof, a good Conscience, my Fate in this  
 vile Earth and (I joy in it) and is not much unlike that of the  
 Prophet Jerem. 15. 10. *Wo to me, my mother, that thou hast born  
 me, a Contentious Man, and a Man that striveth with the whole  
 Earth.*



But Truth itself has assur'd us, That the Curse that's causeless  
shall not come: And some comfort in Jer. 15. 11.

Our famous Queen Elizabeth used to say, that her Reign  
was never so happy and successful, 'till the Pope of Rome had  
spit his Venom at her, with his Bulls of Curses and Excommuni-  
cation, (which, in just contempt she stiled, *The Pope's Crack-*  
*farts.*

*The Pope's Crackfarts?* Which brings to my mind the Crack-  
farts of Doctor's Commons; of which (in this Survey of the Arse  
of the World) if I had been forgetful, my Survey had been very  
defective in its Mathematicks and Calculation.

Yet you must know, that though I have a *Hogen Mogen* ve-  
neration for the Church of England, yet I am very cautious of  
taking her word, or trusting her any further than she brings  
better vouchers than her self.

Because she begun (at her first setting up to be a Church)  
with a cursed Lye in her Mouth: And got a poor innocent  
Babe, of Nine Years old, (King Edward VI. for the Crown,  
it seems, does not always put Brains into the Heads of those  
that justly wear it, the more's the pity) which, with the as-  
sistance of an unthinking, (to say no worse) and Priestrid Par-  
liament, committed the Sin that brought to death *Ananias* and  
*Saphira*, for that they lied not unto Man only, but unto God:  
Fathering the *Dinges*, *Prayers for the Dead*, the *Common-Prayer-*  
*Book*, (which they called the *Mass*) upon the Holy Ghost;  
whereas it was only the Pope's Brat, and a *Changling*, with which  
the Priest's went a begging for God's sake; and prolling for  
Money to escape *Purgatory*, by the help of so many *Masses*,  
and so many *Worship-Gods* swallowed into the Bargain.

And *Paul's Steeple* (in the Reign of *High-Church*) was not  
much lower than *St. Peter's* at *Rome*; I have taken the dimensi-  
ons of both; but I will Instance, at present, only in our Church  
of England's Excommunications, call them *Crackfarts* if you please,  
I mean, so far as they are not vouched by God and the King,  
and Parliament.

Yet these *Crackfarts* have imprison'd and plagu'd Englishmen,  
and made a horrible noise and stench; and no (seeming) Law  
of God or Man to be surety for their good Behaviour.

As for example; a *Sell-Soul-Register*, in his Master's Name,  
the Commissary or Official (by the way, that's one branch of  
Popery)

Popery) citing the King's Subjects, and yet not in the King's Name, expressly contrary to the Statute, (the necessary Protestant Statute, if the King be Head of the Church) a Statute which was never yet judicially decided in Westminster-Hall, whether it be in force; a Statute, which I have proved (as yet unanswerably) to be in force: If so, dear Friends of Doctor's-Commons, look to your hits, and have a care of a Pre-munire; I advise you as a Friend, and without a Fee, which is more than you will do for me.

But to make an end of this long, but necessary and very pertinent Parenthesis, I say, this same *Sell-Soul-Register*, cites a Church-warden to take his Oath, and pay him, in pain of being sent to the Devil, and the Jail, by the Bull of Excommunication: Whereas the Church-warden knows all this is but a Crackfart; for if he does swear, he knows he must go to the Devil for being forsworn; as all those are, that take that enslaving and enligning Oath.

For refusal whereof he is Excommunicated, but against the meaning of the *Thirty Nine Articles of the Church of England*, because the Excommunication was not rightly administered, but *errante clave*, St. Peter's Key was turn'd the wrong way.

Notwithstanding, next comes the Excommunication, under Seal of their Court, (not the Kings-Arms in the Seal as the Statute enjoins) and sent to the little *Domine Curate*; (poor Man) he must deliver his own holy Lay-Elder to the Devil, as the *Sell-Soul-Register* Commands; or, upon refusal, to be sent also to the Devil, anathematized and accursed.

Forty Days after publication, comes the *Significavit* of the Bishop, who (good Man) knows nothing of the matter, more than the *Man in the Moon*, except by implicit Faith in the honesty of *Sell-Soul-Register*.

Whereupon, in course, from Chancery and King's-Bench, comes out a Writ *De Excommunicato Capiendo*, which, so, is awarded by the said Courts, not only without Law, but expressly against Law, in that Case made and provided.

For the Chancery and King's-Bench have no Authority nor lawful Power to award the Writ *De Excommunicato Capiendo* at this day, except for cause or contempt of — Usury, Perjury in the Ecclesiastical-Courts, Simony, and Sodomy, or Adultery.

And

And if any of the Queen's Subjects be taken and imprison'd by her Writ, *De Excommunicato Capiendo*, when it is issued out illegally (as sometimes it is) then the Judges are commanded by the Statute, to deliver the Prisoner, except he be excommunicate for *Usury, Perjury, Symony, or, Sodomy, or, Adultery*.

In an Age you shall not hear that any of the former Sins are prosecuted; some poor Whore only, that either has no Money, or will not part with it for an *Absolution* at *Doctor's-Commons*, may perhaps get a white Sheet at her back, by lying in forbidden and unlicens'd Sheets.

However, Trading runs very low, at this day at *Doctor's-Commons*; and I am still of Opinion, that Thousands are now alive, that shall read over the Gates of *Doctor's-Commons*, this Advertisement, --- *This Sell-Soul-House is to be Let.*

Some will say, This is a bold stroke — I think not, nor bold enough, nor so bold a Blow as I can give them; and they deserve it, for daring so often to abuse that Ordinance of God, *Excommunication* — illegally and not rightly administered; nor the Writs *De Excommunicato Capiendo*, not rightly issued out; or, the Bishop's *Significavit* by *implicit Faith*, not mentioning (cause or contempt of) the Sins aforesaid.

*Ecclesiastical Persecutors* might go hang themselves, if they did not stretch a Commandment, for which they ought to stretch — I know where.

Oh! the Mischief they have brought to Mankind!

No body pities an old Pick-pocket, when he goes up *Holbourn-Hill* to *Tyburn*; but rather says, *Let him go and be hang'd, he has beggar'd many a Family.*

I will not say so of *Doctor's-Commons*; but this I'll say, that if any of them have extorted Money *without Law*, and against it, by *illegal Fees*, and *unlawful Power*, they are old Pick-pockets, to the undoing of many a Family, a Man and his Heritage; and ought to suffer according to their Merits.

If therefore these same *Spiritual-Courts* be not *God's Courts*, nor the *King's-Courts*, whose Courts are they? or, *who the Devil* (thus) manages them to plague Mankind?

You debauch'd Sons of the Church, that drink her Health, if you have any Conscience in you, now is the time; let it pass, drink away.

For she is very crazy and sick, I hope, not at the last Gasp



tho', but lamentably *indisposed*, and out of *frame*: She has been *in ill handling*, by *Empericks*, pretending with their *Mountebank Tricks*, to *mend or patch* her up; but they began at the *wrong end*, and forgot to mend the *Groundsel*: I can tell you where too.

*Dogged Men snarl at what is just and right,  
Showing their Teeth, but (muzzled) cannot bite.*

In all *Kingdoms and States* (ever since *Aaron's Rebellion* against the Prince that made him a Priest, ordain'd and consecrated him) all *Kirks*, as well as in *Scotland*, would gladly (like *Oil and Skum*) be uppermost, and swim on the top: And be independant of the *Crown*, and stand on their own bottom, though it be a very crazy one, God knows, (and I have shown;) therefore it is also that here in *England* still, in spite of the *Statute*, they will send out *Process* against the *Queen's Subjects*, not (as all other *Writs*) in her *Name and Seal*, but *their own Name, Arms, and Seal*.

This is a dangerous *Relict* of *Popery* and *Pride-Prelatical*, which pretends to be so near ally'd to *Heaven*, 'tis irksome to them to stoop to any *Prince or State* upon *Earth*: No, no, *Princes and Emperors* must kneel to *Popish Pride*, and hold their *Stirrups, Ego & Rex meus*; as the *Proud Priest* (that *Butcher's Son of Ipswich*) used to say of *King Henry VIII*.

*Ever since Aaron, the First Priest's, Sedition,  
Priesthood was taint with Lucifer's Ambition;  
Title deriv'd from Heaven, from Hell 'tis known,  
Rome, England, Scotland, this great Truth must own,  
Setting the Mitre up above the Crown:  
No State can thrive that keeps nor (the Kirk) down.  
When Rome conquer'd the World, subservient  
Was their Great Pontiff to their Parliament:*

But

But ours, many times, for want of Care,  
 And Wit (like Balaam's Ass) Priestridden are;  
 Tamely permitting a proud Priest to ride them,  
 And the False Prophet to beat and bestride them;  
 For Church-Pride does infect not one, but all,  
 And mixt with Rage (when cross'd) Eudemical,  
 Witness their swaggering (burnt) Memorial.  
 Thus the proud Priests of old would rule the Roast,  
 And be the uppermost whate'er it cost.  
 Priests make their claim to Rule from Heaven and Hell,  
 They never were oppos'd but they rebel.  
 Passive Obedience when the King does ease them,  
 But Holsters and Jack-Boots if he displease them.  
 And then they'll fight as if the Devil were in them,  
 And Excommunicate you without fail,  
 And Pray, and Curse, and Cant, and Preach, and Rail.  
 The High-Priest and the Devil (Leagu'd with Hell,)  
 Did against Moses and their God rebel.  
 Moses breath'd Vents to cure the Priesthood's hate.  
 Holland was thus made High and Great of late,  
 Kirk should be in, but not above the State.  
 The Laws of God Men fear not to defy,  
 But the Priest's Nonsense they dare not deny.  
 Shall Bigotism true Religion taint,  
 And darling Superstition spoil the Saint?  
 Is not this Earth debauch'd, an Ass at least,  
 To be so long bejaded with the Priest?

What a plague and a pother has and still does rage and kill all Christendom over, by vertue of those two good words---  
*The Church---The Priests.*

This Plague did begin, and still continues to be a Church-plague and a Priest-plague at Rome: Where the Church and the Priests; (put them together) increased in Mischief, Blood, Fines, Imprisonments, and other Persecutions, (like Devils Incarnate) proportionably as they increased in Power and Numbers, and could wheedle silly Magistrates and Princes to worship the Beast, or, Antichrist.

And all other Churches and Priests are this Beast, this bloody Beast, or, Antichrist, whether in England, Scotland, and elsewhere, that, like Mahomet and the French King, carry on their Priestcraft by Force and Arms; whereby this vile Earth is so plagu'd (I cannot give it a better word) at this day.

Bless us! That ever Men and Magistrates, that pretend to have Reason, to distinguish them from Apes and Asses, should be thus fatally Prieststridden, to the ruine of themselves, as well as to the ruine of all Mankind: Themselves for certain; such Fireships always burn themselves, and but sometimes the Enemy.

And what's all this for? why (forsooth) for the Church, the Church; and no Man alive, can, dare, or ever did tell me, what is the Church, the Church, which Fuddle-caps remember so oft when they are drunk, and cannot tell what, or who are this Church when they are sober.

He is a Schismatick, or a Heretick, or a Traytor, that makes the Church of England, any other, or less, at this day, than the Queen, Parliament, and all her good Subjects.

This great Truth I (have and) can maintain, against all opposition: And if so, High-Church and Low-Church are Terms of distinction, without a foundation, and then there's an end (without any further Projects to unite us all) of all our Divisions and Distractions (so violent) at this day.

The Church of England, and the Kirk of Scotland, France, and Ireland, are all one, and one Body, united under one Head, the Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, or should be; nay, are, except those that are Rebels, and do not own her Crown.

But,



But, say you, they have *different Modes* of Worship, and their Religions and Superstitions vastly differ; How can they be united then?

To which I will give a plain and full Answer, namely, *well enough*; they are all united by that *Heavenly Act* (the Death of *Antichrist* and *Priestcraft*) the *Act of Toleration*.

If Men will not go *my way to Heaven*, I say, farewel, God be with you; a good Journey to you, go your own way; 'tis at your own peril, that's all, *To his own Master he stands and falls*.

Ay, but the *High-flying Priests* are mad, stark mad, raging mad, because by that *Act* they are *muzzled*, and how keen soever, cannot bite for their hearts.

Ay, *hic labor, hoc opus est*. — Here's the source of all our *Miseries*, *Feuds*, *Memorials*, *Libelling Pamphlets*, against the *Queen* and *Government*, that muzzle all the biting *Dogs*, and bloody *Dogs*; therefore they grin, and bark, and howl, and are stark mad.

A pack of Priests, that would have all the sway

Over Mankind, but know not to Obey.

But, may some say, truth it is, such *threatning Memorials* against the *Queen* and *Ministers of State* are, if not *Treason*, yet worse than *particular Treasons*, because they may infect the *Kingdom all over*, and (like the *Great Wind*) when *Heats* and *Animosities* abound, they both *nourish* and *extend* the *Flame*, till *City* and *Country* are on fire. And is there no Remedy?

Yes, yes, If a Law was but speedily made against those *Libelling Pamphlets* and *Pamphleteers*, with a severe Penalty: And make some *Trusty Trajan*, (as some *wise Bishop*, or, his *wiser Chaplains*, *Overseer* of the *Press*, with the aid of a *Trusty Roger*, or, *Robin Hog*.

Ay, now you have bit it; but *Trusty Roger* is dead and gone. Very true; but the *Bishop* and his *Chaplains* are yet alive: Very well! God bless them, and long may they live, and thrive, and grow rich.

But that Remedy has been tryed, to little (very little) purpose; nay, 'tis worse than the *Disease*; 'tis worse and greater

nonsense than the Pope's *Judex Expurgatorius*, as well as a most Impudent Imposition upon all Mankind, as well as upon God Almighty and the Holy Ghost.

As if God were confin'd and oblig'd to give his Gifts of Light and Knowledge to none, but to whom the Parliament appoints and directs him, namely, the Bishop and his Chaplains, that, perhaps, are neither older nor wiser than you or I.

But the Remedy against those evils of the Press is very easy, if the Press be open to none, upon a severe Penalty, that do not also print the Author and Printer's Name, and Residence, and Quality; and no spiteful, first and last Letters of a Name, which (like white Powder) does execution, yet making no noise, and in the dark, 'tis difficult to prove, whence, or against whom, the shot is made; and consequently the Assassin or Murderer of Reputation (for want of plain Evidence) escapes Conviction.

Does it become a Magistrate (who is the Minister of God, and that should not bear the Sword in vain) tamely to stand still, whilst every impudent Pamphlet makes a blow at him, and with impunity whips him smartly? An Ass would scarce bear it patiently without a kick.

A Whip and Lash is of great and necessary use to slash Offences and Offenders that debauch this vile Earth; and the smarter the better. But, brave Patriots, as they are the most useful of all Mankind, so they, above all things, under Heaven, should be beloved, protected, and ador'd.

In short, (to set the whole Matter in a true light) our Saviour Christ was meek and lowly, true and just, Heavenly-minded, and kind to all Mankind, even to his Enemies, Gainsayers, and Dissenters, good (like his Sun and Rain) to the just and unjust: and his Kingdom was not of this World.

Even so Christ's true Church and Churchmen are the Low-Church, made up of Meekness, Moderation, Lowliness, Brotherly-kindness (even to Gainsayers, Enemies, and Dissenters) and Heavenly-mindedness; their Portion not greedily gaped for in this vile Earth, nor their felicity in Pride, Pomp, great Places, to domineer in this World, like the Princes of the Gentiles.

But, on the contrary, the Church of Antichrist, and Popish-like Church is high and lofty in Pomp and Pride, Earthlimindedness, and (like the Devil and the Pope) claims all the High-places,  
of

of the *Earth* and the *glory* of it, as a *Peculiar* to them and their *Debauch'd Followers*, their *Gang* and *Drunken Topers* that *Drink* her *Health*, in hopes to go *Snips* with her in all *Offices* and *Places* of *Power* and *Domineering*.

And, to that purpose, are made up of *superstitious Lyes*, and *Priest-craft Forgeries* ( the *Pillars* of the *High-church* ) and derived from their *Father*, the *Father of Lyes*;

And, like their *Father* ( the *Devil* ) are come down in *great Wrath* because ( they see ) their time is short;

And therefore they are for the *short-ways* in *Spit-fire Sermons* and *Harangues*, in *Bullying* and *Traterous Memorials*, raging like the *Devil*, and raving, like *Mad*, or like a *keen, fierce* and *bloody Mastiff*, to be *unmuzzel'd*, *unchain'd* and let loose, ( by *Act of Parliament*, or *force of Arms*, or *French-ayd*, to do as much mischief as their *dogged ill nature* ( in *spight* of *Hypocritical Principles* ) or the *Divel* can prompt them to.

Is *this* the *Church of Christ*, or of *All-Saints*? oh *Blasphemy*! no, no, *God forbid*.

Is *this* the *Church of England*? oh *Blasphemy*! no, no, *God forbid*.

But it is the *High-Church* of *Antichrist*, and of the *Beast*, and the *bloody French-Church*, and *Popish-like Church*. And deserves therefore to be called the *Devils Church*. In *nomine* ( not *Dei* but ) *Diaboli*, in the *Devil's Name*; and ought to be called *Apollyon* ( the *Devil's Name* ) the *Destroyer*, or *Persecutor*.

For in *Her* ( *Revel. 4. 14.* ) was found the *Blood* of the *Prophets* and of the *Saints*, and of all that were slain upon the *Earth*.

Therefore, Go out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her *Sins* and also ( *Consequently* ) of her *Plagues*.

Such *High-Church* has the *Devil* for her *Father*,

Is *this* the *Church of Christ*? ( of *Devil* ) rather.

Thus the *Devil* and the *major part* of the *Clergy*, and false *Prophets*, 400 to one poor *Micaiah*, in the *wretched King's* time ( having *Poyson'd* the *King's Ears*, with *buzzing* into them



them) their Lying and highflown Politicks, to that poor Kings Ruine; To Arms — To Arms, cry those vile Trumpeters — *Go up to Ramoth-Gilead, and prosper.*

And the King, to his Undoing, and the loss of his Life, took their Advice, by the Devil's Aid, in being a lying Spirit in the Mouth of all his Court-preachers and Sycophants; (was not the Devil in them, when they had him in their Mouths?) Thus Ahab was wheedled by lying Priest-craft — *To go up and fall at Ramoth-Gilead.*

'Tis true — Micaiah had better have held his Tongue, for they Fed him, for his Naked-Truth, with the Bread of Affliction and the Water of Affliction.

As it was then, Has it not been so since? as the Scripture says, and is apply'd most properly in our Case, without wrestling, being first spoke by St. Paul, 2 Thes. 2. 10, 11, 12. concerning the destruction of Antichrist — *In all deceiveableness of unrighteousness, among them that Perish, because they received not the (naked) Truth in the love thereof, that they might be saved: And therefore God shall send them strong delusions that they should believe Lies.*

*That they all might be Damned, which believed not the Truth but had pleasure in Unrighteousness.*

Be Damn'd! That's part of their Common Prayer, Morning and Evening in the Tavern, when they Drink their Church's Health, as long as they can stand; and when so Drunk as they cannot stand, yet they can Curse the Dissenters, and Damn themselves.

A precious Crew to guide and govern this vile Earth, and the High-Places thereof, to Monopolize to themselves, when the Jaques is a place too good for some of them, Nasty Brutes!

That Vessel is not far from a Wreck, when none but such Debauchees are suffer'd, by unthinking Tackers, to be in the Steerage.

Thus it was when little Laud, a great Bishop tho', and a great Persecutor, and as hot-headed and exceedingly mad against Christians, as ever (once) little St. Paul, when he Imprison'd and Beat them in every Synagogue, as many perhaps as little Laud Imprison'd, Fin'd, Pilloried, and Cropt their Ears, when he Reign'd at Court, in the Star-chamber and High-commission-court; How

How do short-sighted Bigots long for a return of such Blessed days, to glut their Fury, their Malice, Avarice, and Revenge? Oh Blessed Church of the Meek Jesus!

But, the very *Heathens* saw the Providence of Almighty God, when they said

*Quem Jupiter intendit perdere, dementat prius.*

*When Jupiter has doom'd a Wretch to Dye,  
He makes them (first) mad to believe a Lye.*

Was little *Laud* (Bishop) in his little Wits, when he would venture the *Defection* and *Loss* of the Kingdom of *Scotland*, rather than forbear Imposing a Common Prayer Book and Ceremonies, of his own Crafty Invention?

How fond are some Men of their *Brats*, though they be little better than *Changlings* and *Deform'd*?

Let me hear no more hereafter of *Forty One*, *Forty One*, except you also mention the *Highflown Politicks* of *Laud* and his *Chaplains*; Poysoning a well-meaning Kings Ears with fatal Lies, as that the King was Absolved and let loose from Rules of Government, then follows Illegal Taxes, excessive Fines, Imprisonments, and other Oppressions, 'till the People Roar'd again (I well remember it) and then they were Whipt for Roaring;

At length, Oppression made them Mad — in *Forty One*, *Forty One*. And the *Irish Papists* Massacred 200000 Men, Women and Children, and in *England* more Blood and Treasure were lost then ever since it was a Nation; by struggling for Life and Liberty, as *English* Men and Christians; and never 'till the Reign of King *William III.* secured to us.

Now we stand on our true bottom; none are in Danger, nor Oppressed, and therefore no danger or fear of a Rebellion by the Dissenters, except they be rob'd of what is their due by the Law of God, of Nature, Right, Reason, and the Law of the Land.

The High-flyers Opprest, the Ceremony-mongers Imposed their Maggots. Those days, those Whipping days are done, and the Rods are burnt.

And not a Man in the Kingdom uneasie at the Government, Queen and Ministry but the *Papists* and *Non-furors*, that deny and will not own Her Majesty's Title to the Crown, the best Title that ever was in the World to a Crown; the choice of the People, ratified by the Law, with respect nevertheless to the Royal Descent; which should be alway Paramount, except in some Invincible Emergencies, as Lunacy or Madness, or being so Mad (which is a Madness beyond any in *Bedlam*) to be so rank a Fool and *Papist*, as to adore, in spite of Sence, Reason, and the First Commandment — a Wafer for a God; and then eat him up and devour him, and all Men and Women too, that are not as Mad as they. There is no living under such a Prince.

But, besides the *Papists* and *Non-furors*, that are *Frenchified*, (some may say) the *Memorial-Men* — calling themselves — *The Church of England*, and the *Tackers* herd with them.

All now Associate together, and seem by their flocking together to be Birds of a Feather.

But, I think not; for Tacking (generally speaking) is neither a new thing, nor an ill thing, but sometimes necessary in Arbitrary and Illegal Reigns.

Nevertheless, in moderate and just Reigns, to make comparisons with base and enslaving Projects and Designs in former Reigns is odious, and abominable, meriting severe Animadversion.

Especially, since it is well known, that the Queen's Implacable Enemies — the *Non-furors* and *Papists*, ever since the Tack, hang all of a String; now we know who and who's together.

Now we know who are Loyal Subjects, and who for *St. Germans*, and the *French*, and the *Papists*.

Go reconcile Fire and Water, God and *Beelzebub*, or any two contraries in the World, as soon as those two Titles to the Crown.

Or to unite a *Papist* to the Queen as Head of the Church of *England*; when the *Papist* must first cease to be a *Papist*, and renounce



renounce the Devil and the Pope, as Head of his Church. Two Heads in a Church is monstrous, and one too much.

And it is impossible for a Non-Juror to be Loyal to the Queen, because he keeps his Loyalty in reserve for another, disowning her Title to the Crown ; which no Government but ours ever winked so much at, in all my Reading: Queen *Elizabeth* and her Father *Henry VIII.* would have taught them better Manners. *Hab?*

Except an Army ranged in Open Field, in Rebellion, what can be more Traiterous then by a Hectoring *Memorial* in open Print, and *Vindicating it*, threaten the Ministry, and point at them, and telling them that they must expect to Smart for it, when *Nature* can bear no longer with that old Pretence of the Church of *England* — *Passive Obedience.*

Which is as much as to say, you must expect to be Assaffinated, as was plotted against King *William*, because of his goodness, meekness, or moderation ;

And was practised against King *Charles II.* coming, as some think, to an untimely end, because more moderate, cool, and less a *Jebu*, than his Successor.

He was Poison'd, as a Bishop told me, and I *dare* say, that he neither *will nor dare* deny that he told me so ; but, what grounds he had for it, I did not enquire.

This is certain, his Brother, King *James II.* was fitter to execute the fiery, fierce, and severe Councils of the *Jesuit*, Father *Peters*, *Dada.* &c.

But he drove too furiously, and run too fast to hold it ;

Because his Daughter will not give Ear to violent Councils and Highflown Projects (the very same that were buzz'd into the Ears of Her Grandfather and Father, to their undoing) but rather Imitating God Almighty (whose Vicegerent She is) and whose Sun Shines upon the Just and Unjust ;

Therefore, and only therefore, these Brutish and Cruel Natures are *Mad at Her and the Ministry*, and most Insolently and Traiterously threaten to make them *Smart.*

Is this the *Passive Obedience* of the Church of *England* ? Is this her *Memorial* ?

*Passive Obedience, when the Queen does ease them,  
But Swords and Jack-Boots when She dare displease them.*

Bless us! what (amendment) would these ungrateful and unthinking Wretches be at?

They have the best places in Church and State, except the Queen's Obedience to *them* and their *high-flown Politicks*, which ruin'd her Father and Grandfather.

And yet (methinks) some allowance may be given to the *Tackers*, more than to the *Non-jurors* and *Papists*, the declared and professed Enemies of the Queen, her Crown, and Dignity. For though the Mischief had been the same if the *Tack* had carried it; yet their Ends (I think in my Conscience) were vastly different.

Most, if not all; but I believe all the *Tackers* abhor *Popery* and *Slavery*, as much as we do; but blinded with revenge against Dissenters, and ambitious to have all the sway, and for want of second Thoughts, were merely drawn in by their *now* great combined Darlings the *Non-jurors* and *Papists*: Neither seeing nor remembering, that King *James*, when he put the Bishops in the *Tower*, cared not one Farthing for the *Church of England*, nor any *Flesh* alive (though his own *Flesh* and *Blood*) except they turn'd *Papists*.

And before King *James* put the Bishops in the *Tower*, he told me positively, in the *Little Park* at *Windsor*, amongst other Discourse for an Hour together, in the hearing of no *Flesh* alive, except *our selves* and the Earl of *Rocheſter*, (then Lord Treasurer,) That no Man could love him truly, that did not love his Religion.

Woe be to you then unthinking *High-Church* and *Tackers*; for tho' you could not have oblig'd the *French King*, and the *Germans* more, nor have ruin'd *England*, nor the Confederacy, nor the Queen's Title to the Crown, more than by *Tacking-Projects*, to sham all Aid to support our Navies and Armies: Yet, except you had intended to have gone through-stitch, and turn'd down-right *Papists*, no *Popish-Succeſſor*, nor any *Papist*, nor any *Non-juror*, would care a farthing for all the good Deeds you had done for them, but you must be all *Refugees* and *Martyrs* in *Smithfield*: poor unthinking and short-sighted *Politicians*!

Thus have I seen a keen Mastiff snap at his Master's Fingers, that muzzl'd him and chain'd him up, and would not let him loose to worry the innocent Sheep, or Bull.

When

When indeed if he had humour'd his rapacious Greediness to be worrying, he would thereby endanger his Bones and Limbs, if not his Head, by being tost worse than a Dog in a Blanket.

To apply it then ; And what's the matter that *Spit-fires* bawl in the *Pulpits*, and bark so loudly and impudently in the *Press*, and snap at the Fingers and Hands that feeds them (fat enough in all Conscience) the Queen ? by snarling at the Ministry, thereby biting indeed *Her Majesty* : For what cause, I pray' ?

Why ? Because (and only because) that Hand that feeds them, and chains them also, and muzzles them, they cannot tug, and lug, and worry, as *Nature* would in spite of *Principles*.

Good Hearts ! and well-meaning (but short-sighted) Bigots ! Has not the *Inquisition* lost *Holland* for ever to the *Crown* of *Spain*, and the *Mitre* at *Rome*.

And the Pope cannot, if he should hang himself, do *Popery* so much mischief, as his *Inquisition* and *Persecution* has done to it.

It has almost dispeopl'd *France*, and beggar'd it : It ruin'd *England* by Civil and Bloody Wars, in the Dominion of little *Land*, by the *Star-Chamber* and *High-Commission-Court*.

And such a *High-Commission-Court* at the very *Exit* of *King James's* Reign, hastned his Abdication, and the Death of that bloody Lord, and persecuting Judge, *Jeffries* — the Famous.

And yet, if I had the Tongue of Men and Angels, 'tis labour in vain to endeavour to open the Eyes of a *Jacobite*, or Bigot, as to wash a *Blackamoor*.

Oh ! says the *Jacobite*, we, we, are the only true *Trojans* that restor'd most Loyally the Royal Family, and *King Charles* the Second.

There is no Man that talks thus impudently false, but knows he lyes in his Throat when he says so. *You*, *you* restore the Royal Family, *you* betray'd the Royal Family by your Cowardice and running away, when you should have fought like Men for the Royal Family : *You* run like Sheep and Goats up and down the Hills and Mountains of the High-lands of *Scotland*. Have I not seen you skud, when ten (Rebels as you call us) seldom fail'd of pursuing a hundred such as you ;

roar-



roaring and crying then for *Mercy, Mercy, and Quarter*; as now you roar and howl for *Revenge* against the *Dissenters*, because of — 41, 41.

Alas! they are all dead that fought then of both sides: Ay, but their *Children* are alive: Yes, so they are, and are the most of them *Highflyers*: And I, whose Father at *Aberford* near *York*, was twice plunder'd and once sequestred for being a *Cavalier*, (as *Tories* were then called;) for which he never got a *Farthing* recompense: And I, his Son, taking warning by his *Harms*, fac'd about to the side that was uppermost, taught by *Self-preservation*: Can you blame me?

You may then be ashamed, if you have any shame in you, to trumpet, like old *L'Esrange* — 41, 41. when he himself was a *Fidler* to *Oliver Cromwel* the *Rebel*, in 41, 41. a fatal Year for high-flown *Politicks*, and *Oppressions*, and *Grievances*, intollerable and not to be born in 41, 41. And the *Rebels*, as you call them, under the *Conduct* of my brave *General Monk*, restor'd the *Royal Family*.

And, in requital, you would have us depriv'd of our *Liberties*, as *Men* and *Christians*, when we are (let me hear if you dare deny it) as good *Men*, or better, at least more *Loyal* than your selves. Alas! you are mightily mistaken, when you are drunk, drinking your *Church's Health*, you think the *Earth* turns round.

But when you are sober, you foolishly imagine, that it stands still. Alas! alas! the *Tables* are turn'd, and our *Men* are the *Loyal Men* to the *Crown*; but you, with your *spitfire Oxonian Sermons*, and *Short-ways*, and *Memorials*, abuse Her Majesty, threaten Her *Ministry*. You must be mad, or else you would never be so mad as to turn *Persecutors*, and *Gore* at this time a day, when the *Peoples Eyes* are open'd, and your *Horns* (because they are cut) are short.

I confess I have been warm upon you, but not a jot too warm: Your inveterate *Ulcers* must be search'd and lanc'd to the very bottom, to the quick, nothing but sharp *Corrosives* can correct the dead *Flesh*.

And, for a farewell, look to't, for *Persecutors*, like *Fireships*, always burn themselves, and but sometimes the *Enemy*.

*Princes that wed one Party, do far worse,  
Than they that give the rest Bills of Divorce.*

The

# THE CONCLUSION,

Wherein is a *Scheme* of *all* Religion } *True.*  
 } *and*  
 } *False.*

BY the Premises it appears, That this *vile Earth* has been, and *is* so much the more *vile*, by being plagu'd with Religion, when it warps to *Superstition*.

True Religion (of which you may find the total sum at the foot of this account, or Survey, is the best thing in this vile Earth, and the only thing to quell and cool all the Heats, Animosities, and Wars all the Earth over.

But as the *best* Wine corrupted makes the *keenest* Vinegar, so Religion turn'd to Superstition, by the Priests and false Prophets (when the *evil Spirit*, or *lying Spirit* (the Devil it is) possesses their Mouths ; thence comes Wars and Fightings among you, and all manner of Plagues.

This is a *great Truth*, but few Men (if any) that ever was born in this vile Earth, have had *such opportunities* to prove and discover *the same* as my *self*. I speak it not *in Vapour* (far be it from me, having no design, aim, nor need of any thing in this vile Earth, but the good of Mankind, and its peace, being seated *on high*, far above the Charms of *Preferment* in this vile Earth.

If wise *Solomon* knew more of the Vanity and Vexation of *this vile Earth* than I, it must be by *Revelation*; for he lived not upon this vile Earth so long as I have done already, by almost twenty Years; nor ever travell'd out of little *Palestine* (his native Country,) except, perhaps, he went a wooing into *Egypt*, to *Pharaoh's Daughter*: But I am of Opinion, that he was wiser

wiser than to go so far for a Gypsy, when he had Wives and Misses, more than a good many at home.

*Enow, in Conscience, to make  
The Wiseman's brawny Back to ake.*

But, (without Ostentation) Truth must Evidence, that *Solomon* (though unspeakably *Wiser* than I, yet) never had the opportunities, the *Landskip*, the *Prospect*, the *Long Age*, the *Travels*, to survey the Vanity and Vexation of this vile Earth, and make *Experiments* thereof, and *Instances*, that Providence has given me.

In the *Baltick Ocean*, where I have been, I had opportunity to discourse off, and consequently be acquainted with the most *Northern-Countries*, under the Tail of the *Little Bear* (in Heaven) as, *Denmark*, *Norway*, *Lapland*, *Finland*, &c. The Lieutenant Collonel of the Prince of *Sax-Lunenburg* his Regiment (with which I and my Company were first Mustered in *Holstein* in Germany, being equal in number to all the other Ten Companies in that shatter'd Regiment) gave me many opportunities to understand the *Manners and Religions* of the *Laplanders* and *Finlanders*, for he and his Soldiers were most of them *Laplanders*.

And on the other side of the Globe, beyond the Equinoctial-Line, and under the Tropick of *Capricorn*, I have had opportunities to survey this Vile Earth, in its general Vileness, and Debauch; and the result of all is this, namely;

Who brings the Devil amongst the *Laplanders*? why, their *Drummers*, or *Priests*.

Who brings the Devil amongst the *Gentiles*, *Heathens*, or *Indians*? why, their *Peel's*, or *Dewilish Priests*.

Most of the *Heathens* and *Gentiles* of this Earth have no Religion, and as they are the honestest and live the most quietly, peaceably, and amicably, and consequently, more happily, amongst themselves and neighbouring Countries; let any Good Man then give me a Reason why, in all Countries where there are *Superstitious Peel's*, or *Priests* of the Devil, there is nothing but Wars and Fightings among them, and cutting of Throats; The *Peel's* of one Country being *Dissenters*



ters in the Ceremonies of their *Devilish Devotion*, from the *Pee's* or *Devils Priests* of another ; yet, *Idolaters* all.

In the 8, 9, and 10 degrees of Southern *Latitude* and under the *Tropick of Capricorn*, is situate one of the greatest Islands of the Earth called, *St. Thome*, very Fertile and happy, but that the Inhabitants are divided (the *North-part* from the *South-part*, about the very middle) with contests about Religion, (for-footh!) And yet the major part of their Worship is Heathenish and Idolatrous : For, both parties Worship most Zealously and Devoutly an *Elephants Tooth* ; but, there are a couple of Teeth, and different one from another, but both parties will Swear and Lye and Dye ( Martyrs ) for the Divinity, ( one ) for the Southern-Tooth, the other for the Northern-Tooth, and both ( dropt ) from Heaven, they say.

But all the rational and moderate Men of the Island ( which are really the greatest party, but make the least shew, because they Smile behind the Curtain, but if they venture to speak a word against the Divinity of either Tooth, and call it ( as it really is ) the *Tooth of the Beast*, and the *False Prophet*, and the meer Invention and *Changeling* of the Crafty *Pee's*, or Idolatrous and Superstitious Priests begetting ; then, they are censured by both Parties as Sacrilegious pullers down of Holy Church, being *Irreligious*, *Deists* or *Atheists* ; though they believe in the Great God that made the World, and shall Judge it too: The Magistrate never sided with either Party, but it was his Ruine, and therefore taught, by woful experience, grew moderate, and only desired to keep the Peace, and make both Parties keep it.

Somewhat like this Isle of *St. Thome* ( for so it is known in Maps ) is this great Island of Great Britain, the Northern are generally for *Presbytery*, the Southern for *Episcopacy* ; both at Daggers Drawing for their own Opinions ; one, for a few great Heads to bestride and guide them, the other for a Pope in every Parish.

Whereas the Moderate Men, the Rational and the Wise look upon their Contents, (in Sermons, Sermons, Pulpits and Prefs to be nothing but *Goats Wool* ) Fomented and Fermented by the Avarice and Pride of Priests.

One would Monopolize all the High Places of this Vile Earth to themselves and Partizans, and the other are not so Celestial and Divine, but they scramble hard for a share in this Earth, as Vile as it is, and they care not how great a part

of it comes to their share, notwithstanding all the noise of *Heaven, Holyness and Divinity*, their Bottom and Groundsel is *the Earth, the Earth*. 'Tis a pretty even lay, which is the *Best*; others say, those *Madcaps* are the worst that threaten the Magistracy for Moderately curbing their fiery Career.

But hang Choice; both Parties make such *Divisions, Heats, Bloodsheds and Desolation*, that (tho' the true Religion unites Men) these false *Superstitions* destroy all Peace (where they come) being fill'd with, *Envy, Rage and Strife* against all that dissent from either Party.

And where *Envy and Strife* is, there is *Confusion and every Evil Work*.  
The Church is In but not Above the State.

This Verse ought to be written in *Letters of Gold*, and set over the Doors of the *Parliament-house and Council-Chamber*, when they go to consult of *Church Affairs*, or, the *Church of England*.

Which always has been good *Subjects* to our *Kings*, so long as our *Princes* were their *Humble Servants*, and pleased them, that is, gave them chiefly their Ear, and all the best Places; *Esponsing* them with such conjugal Love as to *Divorce* all the Rest of their *Subjects*, that were *Dissenters from the Holy Church*.

Thus, the generality being *Opprest*, the *King and Kingdom* was *Undone*.

Why then, by these harms the *Queen*, taught by woful experience of her *Predecessors*, She *Steers* betwixt *Scilly and Charibdis*, and enough to do, to avoid the *Rocks* on one side, and the *Quicksands* on the other.

For, if She will not give her Ears to be *Poyson'd*, as were Her *Predecessors*, with *Highflown Politicks*, and her *Sceptor* guided and over-ruled by *Priestcraft*, then *Nature Rebels* against *Principle*, as in the late *Hectoring Memorial*, farewell — *Passive Obedience* — good Night — give me my *Jack Boots* — and now look to thy *House, David*.

All this is but the second part (to the same Tune) of the *Guelphs and Gibellines* — and of which I have given abundance of *Instances* in the *Characters of Priestcraft*, which I shall not here repeat; the whole Peace and *Happiness* of all *Princes* in *Christendom* depending on this *Maxim*; *The Church is In but not above the State*.

The great and *Flourishing States* of *Europe* (that are *Papists*) are *Venice and France*, and of *Protestants* — *England and Holland*.

Whilst *Venice* were such *Bigots* as to dread the *Popes Excommunication*,

*munication*, their Ambassador must be (like *Dandalus*) with a Chain about his Neck like a Dog, under the *Popes* Table, whilst the *Pope* and his Miss winked at one another, when the poor wretch howl'd Blasphemously, *Domine Deus Papa, miserere* — oh Lord God *Pope* — Mercy, Mercy, Mercy for God's sake.

Afterwards when the *States of Venice* had learned more Wit, by little *St. Paul* (that was his Name that was the Author of the most excellent *History* of the *Council of Trent*) like the true *St. Paul*, a poor little *Crooked Fellow*, but a wise *Papist* (a Miracle in those days) but he made many wise *Profelytes* since, the *States* of *Venice* and *Kings of France*, amongst others. For when *Pope Paul V.* Excommunicated the *States of Venice*, about a Trifle, and commanded all *Priests* to shut their *Mouths*, and say no *Masses*, *Baptisms*, &c. and shut up their *Hands*, by handing no longer their *Wafer God* to their *Mouths*; whereupon the *States* Starved the *Priests Mouths*, taking their *Livings* from them, and giving them to the *Poor*, the end for which they chiefly were at first given to the Church, as the *Holiest* and *surest Conduit-pipe* to convey it to the *Mouths* of the *Poor* and *Needy*, the *Widows* and *Fatherless* in their *Affliction*, (the only pure Religion, of Church-men.) But, these greedy *Cooks* have not only licked their own *Fingers*, but swallow'd all (greedy *Guts*) the *Poor* gets not a Bit; but, this Church is grown *Rich* and consequently *Proud* and *Highflyers*, insomuch as if any *Princes* or *State* dares displease them, that is, not give them all the *High Places*, *Sway* and *Power*, then *Nature* Rebels against *Principles*, look to thy *House* — *David*. But, truly, the *States of Venice*, when the *Priests* would give them no *Pater-noster*, they would give the *Priests* — no *Penny* So that the *Priests* fell to *Praying*, and *Preaching*, and *Masses*; and all of them except the *Sworn Janizaries* of the *Pope* — the *Jesuites* — for they are so vastly *Rich* in all *Countries*, that they can never *Starve* in any *Country*. But, you will say, how durst the *States of Venice* do this, lest the *Mob* or *People* should have turn'd *Rebels*, or at least, not have *Fought* for the *States*, when the *Pope* sent his *Army* of *Guelphs* (as *Pope Paul V.* did) against those *Gibelline-States*.

I Answer; because *St. Paul* aforesaid (in his *History* of the *Council of Trent*) had open'd the *Peoples Eyes*, shewing that all *Excommunications* not rightly *Administred*, were but *Crack-farts*.

*Pope Paul*, at length, proffer'd to *absolve* them; they scorn'd the motion, and, to this day, stand *formally Excommunicated*.



without any formal *Absolution*: But they never throve so well, as after they were curs'd by the Pope.

The French Kings, ever since *Philip the Fair*, when the Popes dare displease them, say, in effect, as he did, *Sciat fatuitas* (instead of *bonitas*) *tua*, your Coxcombship may hereby understand, instead of your Holiness may understand.

The States of Holland are Presbyterians, but tolerate all Religions, and suffer no Church-Cabals, Synods, Convocations, Classes, or General Assemblies; as impolitick Scotland does, where poor King Charles II. was glad to humble himself, and stand on the Stool of Repentance, when he displeas'd *Mes Andrew Cant*, and the rest of the Holy Kirk.

In short, I will be surety for them that call themselves the Church of England, that they shall never rebel, (or, to use their own Language, in their late Memorial) until Nature rebel against Principle of Passive Obedience, until the Queen displease them, or dare deny them all the Sway, and High-Places in her Kingdom, to the utter disobliging of all Her other Subjects.

But, the Great and Holy God, the Judge of Heaven and Earth is a Spirit, and the Being of all other Beings, Omnipresent, every where in Heaven, in Earth, in Vegetables, nay, in every Worm and Fly, and there *totus in toto & in qualibet parte totus* incomprehensibly, and seek for no Worship or Worshippers, but such as Worship him, in Spirit (and also) in Truth, *John 41. 22, 24. ye Worship ye know not what*, when you bow to the East, to the Altar, or Whipping and Tormenting yourselves, like the Papists, or Howling, Kneeling and Gashing your selves, like Baal's Priests.

Or like the Worshippers of the Queen of Heaven (the Moon) say those (in *Jeremy*,) the Virgin Mary (say the Papists) or Kneeling to the Sun, to make them change their unchangeable Course.

Much less, by such methods, can the Almighty and Eternal Spirit change, *I the Lord change not*.

For, God is not a Man that he can repent, as if he had ever made a false Step, it is as impossible, as to make him, by Superstitious Howlings, change, stop his eternal course and decrees, and face about.

The Truth is — tho' Priests and People deny it, in Words, yet, in Fact it appears, that they fancy Almighty God to sit in Majesty, Enthron'd in Heaven, whither they lift up their

Eyes, and stretch'd their Hands, and turn their Faces to the East and Worship.

Whereas, these are *strong Delusions*, being given over by God to believe a Lye, that they all might be Damn'd, which believe not the Truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness, or the mystery of Iniquity, or Antichrist; that Son of Perdition; *exalting himself*, (like the Pope, and all Highflown Popishlike Priests) above all that is called God, namely, the Magistrate.

What? shall we have no Religion then?

God forbid; but much better to have no Religion than a Foolish, Antichristian Superstition or Priestcraft.

Worshipping God as if he were an Old King, sitting in State and Glorious Majesty in the East part of Heaven.

Whereas in truth, Almighty God (not to treat him or paint him or describe *ἀνθρώπων ὁμοίως*, after the manner of Men) is not more a King than a Queen, a He than a She, a Man than a Woman; any Adoration or Worship to the contrary notwithstanding:

And such Devotion makes the Holy God (that shall Judge and Damn you for the Delusion and Idolatry) a meer Idol; oh! foolish People and unwise!

Nevertheless, Bigots will say (like those Worshipers of the Queen of Heaven, Jer. 44. 16, 17.) *We will do whatsoever cometh out of our own Mouth*; (tho' a Lying Spirit be in that Mouth, as was in King Ahab's false Prophets) *As we have done, both we and our Fathers, our Kings and our Princes.*

Well, go on, go together, Good Men and True, there's no stopping the Career of a Priestridden Bigot and Persecutor; take your Course, till Almighty God stop your Career in spite of your Teeth, or till you open your Eyes and Ears to True Religion, to God, to Christ, Holy Scripture and Right Reason. This is the total Sum of true Religion, namely,

1<sup>st</sup>, To worship God, that is a Spirit, in Spirit and Truth, Praising him continually, and Praying continually, and Saying-Grace continually, in Spirit, though you kneel not down, nor put off your Hat, to be uncover'd when you pray; why not your Night-Caps or your Perrinwigs, Loggerhead? And if you do use words, let them be (like Christ's Prayer) very few, Eccl. 5. 1.

2<sup>dly</sup>, Do as you would be done unto, which is all the Law and the Prophets; for, pure Religion and undefiled before God, even the Father, is this, to visit the Fatherless and Widows in their adversity, and to keep

keep our selves unspotted from this vile Earth, *Jam. i. 27.* for Faith without Works is dead, as the Body without the Spirit.

3dly, Let the *Apostle's Creed* inclose all thy Faith (more is too much, or needless) and let the *Sacraments* (of Baptism and the Holy Supper) seal all up, with Praises and Prayers, in Spirit and in truth.

Live chearfully and peaceably under the Government that protects thee ; for all powers (good and bad) are of God ; therefore curse not the King, no not in the Bed-chamber ; for the Birds of the Air will tell the Matter, though thou dost curse in Riddles, as *Drinking Healths to Sorrel*, &c. why should'st thou die before thy time ?

And, seest thou Oppression in a Province (when the *Beast* overtops the *Man*, and the *Lust* of arbitrary sway cancels all Laws of God and Man, of Nature and right Reason, Divinity and Humanity) marvel not at the matter ; for he that is higher than the highest regardeth, and there are higher than they ; they pay for all the Reckoning, at *Reckoning-day*, which is sometimes slow, but always sure.

Though a Government displease thee, yet bridle thy Tongue, let it not be set on fire of Hell, as is the Tongues of False Prophets, when a lying Spirit (as into the majority of *Ahab's Clergy*) gets it into their Mouths.

They are always for spitting fire out of their Mouths in some Pulpits, Short-ways, and Persecutions, and threatening Memorials too, (abusing the sacred Name of the Church of England, with their furious Ribaldry and Menaces, as well as our gracious Queen, and moderate and wise Ministry and Government, for no other cause in the World, but because they are so wise and gracious in their Ministration, as to be moderate and kind, like God and the Sun, to all their Subjects.

But whence comes Wars and μάχαι sharp Contentions among you, come they not hence, even from your Lusts (of Avarice and Priestcraft Ambition) that fights *εσπερομένη* in your Members, and gets in (like the lying Spirit) into the Mouths of False Prophets, and guides their spit-fire Tongues, and Hand and Pen.

There needs no Canons nor Decretals of Popes and General Councils ; no voluminous Schoolmen, and wrangling Disputes, and Sermons, Sermons, Books, Books ; (Come buy :) no Excommunications, cropping of Ears, Imprisonments, nor Smithfield-fires to carry on this True Religion.



For it is easy and infallible, rational and beneficial to all Mankind that inhabit this *vile Earth*, it is *short* and *sweet*.

It gives *Glory to God on high*, on *Earth Peace*, and *Good will towards Men*, to make them *live happy here and hereafter*.

But, none can be *God's humble Servant* in this *his low Church* and *true Religion*, but *only those* that are emancipated and made free, from the *Slavery of Superstition*, which, by custom is become habitual to them, and a second Nature, suck'd in (as *Mahometanism in Turkey*) with their *Mothers Milk*; and incurable, except by the use of right Reason.

This *True Religion* obviates all our *Fears*, all our *Dangers*, from *Earth*, from *Hell*.

It *cools* all our *Heats* about *High-Church* and *Low-Church*, uniting us all.

It *quells* all our *Animosities*, fermented by lying *Tongues* and flying *Pamphlets*.

It *quenches* the *Fire* and *Faggots* of *Smithfield-flames*, and the belching *flashes* of *Vulcano's-Memorials*, *Oxonian-Aetna's*, *Inquisition*, and *Persecution*, and *Draco's Laws*, all over this *vile Earth*.

This *true Religion* routs without *Sword* or *Gun*, the *Holy Leagues* of *France*, the *geud Covenant* of *Scotland*, the *Memorial* of the *Church of England*, and all *Crackfart Excommunications*, both *here* and at *Rome*, and all *Horning* in *Scotland*; and in *England*, *silly Ceremonies*, and *sillier Ceremony-mongers*, wagging their *wrigling Britch*, and making a *Leg*, and *bowing*, *forsooth*, and *nodding* to the *Altar* and *unlighted Candles*, old *Cathedral-Noddies*, old *Noddies*, that are *too old to learn*, but want *wit enough* to be *wiser*, and yet want *Grace* to *mend*, and *shame* to *blush* for the *soft place* in their *Heads*, *Blessed Church-Cathedral*, next *Door*, and a *kin* to *Sell-Soul-Doctors-Commons*; put them together, and *spell*, and *tell me* their *true Names*.

This *true Religion* makes all *News* good *News*, nothing comes *amiss* to me, I ring my *Bells*, and fire my *Guns*, as much at *bad News* as good *News*, because we *Mortals know not* what is good *News* or *bad*.

I say my *Prayers*, *God's will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven*, and so it will whether I pray or not, whether I will or not: I use the means to what I would be at; if I am disappointed of my *Aims* and *Intentions*, I am never disappointed of my *Hopes*.

For, I never *hope* for any thing, but what will come, whether I *hope* or *fear* it. We *hope* for a *Victory*, and get it, and make a *Thanksgiving-Day* for it, that many times turn to our

hurt; and make a *Fast-Day* for a *Loss*, that proves to be *Gain* to us in *Conclusion*: Before I was afflicted I went astray, says David.

*All News* is welcome to all of my Religion, to all but *Fools* and *Knaves*, nothing can possibly come amiss, neither can hurt me, or displease me, or discompose me. Like a *Dye*, fling me how you can, I will fall upon a true bottom, on one side or other, all's one to me; which is another reason, under God, why I have liv'd so chearfully, so healthfully, and so long.

In the day of *Prosperity* rejoyce (better translated, as it is, the *Indicative Mood* from the Original, *ye do rejoyce*) in the day of *adversity* ye do consider. It is a History of what the silly World does, it does rejoyce and ring the Bells in the day of *Prosperity*: But in the day of *Adversity* they consider, they are all a move, their Hearts are at their Mouths, a Man, a brave Man, that has always presence of Mind, may kill forty of them with a Bean.

In short, I draw my Arrow with all my might and dexterity, and I aim at the mark with all my cunning and skill; but if I miss it I am in no disarray, nor one jot discomposed, knowing that Infinite Wisdom can and will guide the World better than I can tutor it; tho' I whip my self, as do the *Papists*, or gash my self like *Baal's Priests*, or make forty *Fast-Days*, as we in England and Holland; but in Holland they do it *ad faciendum Populam*, as the French King sings *Te Deum*, 'till it is become ridiculous to Friends and Foes, as well as to himself and his Cozen the Archb. of Paris.

No rational Men, nor Christians upon Earth, but must be of this true Religion, or else renounce their Baptism, right Reason, and Holy Scripture. Except, that instead of renouncing the Devil and all his Works, they resolve to continue (like *Balaam's Beast*) Prieststridden Asses for False Prophets to bestride and ride them: Spur on, *Balaam*; for your Bigots are beneath my Scorn and below my Pity. All Persecutors have a King over them, who is Pa-pa, Pa-ter pa-trum, King of kings and Lord of lords, and is exactly described, *Rev. 9. 11.* They have a king over them, even the Angel of the Bottomless-pit, whose Name in Hebrew is *Abaddon*, and in Greek, *Ἀπολλών*; in Latin, *Perdens*; and in English, the Destroyer; or, the Persecutor. — O! vile Persecutors! of all Persecutions, *Kings*, of Churches whatsoever, that have deluged and stain'd this vile Earth with Blood and Wounds: Blush and behold your Fathers, the Fathers of Lies, murderers from the beginning, *Abaddon* and *Apollyon*, the Devil and the Pope, and the persecu-

